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THE LOVE OF THE PAST.

BY A. T. R.

As sailors watch from their prison
For the long gray line of the coasts,
I look to the past rearisen,
And joys come over 'n hosts
Like the white sea-birds from their roosts.

I love not th' indelicate present,
The future's unknown to our quest,
To-day is the life of the peasant,
But the past is a haven of rest,—
The joy of the past is the best.

The rose of the past is better
Than the rose we ravish to-day;
'Tis holier, purer, and fitter
To place on the shrine where we pray,—
For the secret thoughts we obey.

There, are no deceptions nor changes,
There, all is placid and still;
Nor grief nor fate that estranges,
Nor hope that no life can fulfil,
But ethereal shelter from ill.

The coarser delights of the hour
Tempt, and debauch, and deprave;
And we joy in a poisonous flower,
Knowing that nothing can save
Our flesh from the fate of the grave.

But surely we leave them, returning
In grief to the well-loved nest,
Filled with an infinite yearning,
Knowing the past to be rest—
That the things of the past are the best.

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"HOW STRANGE," said Lady Hilda as she read the note over again. "Who brought this, Greyson?"

"Old Mrs. Paine, from The Firs, my lady."

"Was any message left with it?" she inquired.

"None," replied the man, "except that she asked me to give it to you soon, and when you were alone."

The butler imagined, as old Mrs. Paine had done, that it was a request for alms. Everyone in sorrow or want sought Lady Hilda, and no one had ever sought her in vain.

As there was no more to be said, Greyson hastened to resume his duties, leaving the lady bewildered and surprised with the note in her hand.

"It must be an appeal for money," she said. "I will not be anxious over it. I wish, whoever wrote the letter, would have asked plainly for what is wanted."

She tried to believe that it was but a somewhat uncommon way of appealing for money. Yet they were solemn words; she heard them above the soft sweet dream-like music that filled the ball-room—above the courtesies and homage offered to her; above the voice of flattery and love they rang out clear, cold, and solemn, "From the threshold of eternity I summon you."

Bertie Carlyon wondered what spell lay on the rosy lips—they were mute and still; the bright beautiful face had a troubled, wondering look.

"I fear you are very tired, Hilda," said Lord Baynebam to his young wife.

"I am not tired," she replied hastily, "but I am——"

Then she stopped abruptly, remembering those other words;—"As you value the love and happiness of those around you, do not say one word of this."

"You are what?" said Lord Baynebam, smiling, yet wondering why his wife's face flushed and the words died upon her lips.

She made some evasive reply, and turned away. It would have been a great relief to have shown him the note, and asked him what he thought.

He would have understood it, but a strange fear had sealed the brilliant lady; she dared not disobey that command.

At the head of that sumptuous banquet she was obliged to talk and listen, obliged to give her whole attention to her duties. Yet there were many who thought their young hostess looked tired and worn out.

She was grateful when the Duke of Lalebam took his departure. The other guests were not long in following his example.

"We have had a delightful night," said Barbara Earle at the little family group assembled in the boudoir; "but even pleasure fatigues one. I propose—and you must second my resolution, aunt—that no one speaks another word. Let us retire; Hilda looks tired and worn out."

"Though it would be delightful to talk over the ball," said Bertie, "I for one obey Miss Earle;" and off he went to the smoking-room.

Yet even when they were all gone, when she stood in her room alone, Hilda still heard those mysterious words.

"Who is it," she thought, "that from the threshold of eternity would summon me?"

Almost for the first time in her life, Lady Hilda Baynebam found herself unable to sleep. The golden head tossed wearily to and fro. For the first time she listened to the wailing of the wind, as to a strange wild music that told of sorrow and despair.

"I will end this suspense," she thought. "No one will be down much before twelve. I will rise at eight, and go to The Firs. If Claud discovers that I am out, he will think I am taking a morning walk."

Yet even that, the first concealment she had ever practiced in her simple, guileless life, troubled her.

It was a gray, cold morning—there was not even the glimpse of a sunbeam—when Lady Hilda dressed herself for her walk.

"You will be cold, my lady," said her maid, who wrapped a thick cloak around her.

"Yes," replied Lady Hilda; "but a long walk this morning will do me good. If Lord Baynebam asks for me, tell him I am gone out, but shall be back soon after eleven."

If Pauline thought there was anything extraordinary in her lady's proceeding, she made no comment.

The air was cold and bleak, the sky dull and leaden; there was a gray mist that hid the trees as Lady Hilda went on her way through the park. Once a new idea came to her, and made her pause.

"Suppose it should be a plan to rob me?" she thought. "But robbers and thieves could fear no question that would be asked in another world."

She reached the little cottage at last.

Mrs Paine was up, and busily engaged in preparing breakfast. She looked dazed and confused when Lady Hilda, her face glowing with exercise, stood before her.

"You have some one here very ill, Mrs. Paine," said Lady Hilda, "who wishes to see me."

The old woman made a profound reverence to the golden haired lady.

"It will be my lodger, I suppose, my lady," she replied. "She begged me to take a note to you last evening; she is very ill,—likely to die, the doctor says, any minute."

Lady Hilda was relieved to find it was a woman who wished to see her.

"She lies upstairs, my lady," continued Mrs. Paine. "Shall I go up with you, my lady?"

"No," she replied,—"I need not trouble you. The poor creature wants some little assistance, I have no doubt. I will go alone."

Even as Lady Hilda went up the narrow staircase she heard those solemn words,—"From the threshold of eternity I summon you."

The mystery was soon to be solved. She knocked gently at the door of the room, and a faint, sweet voice bade her enter.

When, in after years, did Lady Hilda forget the scene? The room was small, but clean, and even pretty. There was a little white bed with white hangings, a neat toilette table with a few ornaments. A little table stood near the bed; a small fire burned cheerily in the grate.

Lady Baynebam entered the room quietly, moving gently lest any sound should annoy the one who lay dying there. She went up to the bedside, and then uttered a low cry of surprise. White and worn, with a deep shade upon it, lay the same beautiful face she had seen in the summer. The woman before her was the one who had asked her so long ago for a flower at the lodge gates. The sad large eyes seemed to burn as they looked at her, the lips trembled and quivered, but could not utter a word.

"You wished to see me," said Lady Baynebam, bending over her. "I came as soon as I could. I have disturbed you. Wait a few minutes, and then you will be better able to speak to me."

The burning eyes closed as she spoke, and Lady Hilda stood, silently gazing at the beautiful sad face, wondering what was the story it told. Deep lines of sorrow were on the broad white brow and round the lips. As she gazed upon the face, it seemed in some strange way to become familiar to her, as though years ago she had seen and loved it in her dreams; then the faint sweet voice was heard again.

"Are you Lady Hilda Baynebam?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am Lord Baynebam's wife."

"You were Lady Hutton's ward?" continued the sick woman.

"Yes," said Lady Baynebam, quietly, "she was my adopted mother; I knew no other."

She stopped abruptly, for the dying lips uttered a wild cry, and the white face was turned to her with a look of deadly anguish that was almost despair.

"Hush!" said Lady Hilda, gently; "what is it? You will make yourself worse. What can I do for you?"

The woman held out a thin white hand, and clasped the soft fingers of the young girl; she held them up to the light, looking at the costly rings that glittered there.

"Let me see your other hand," she said.

Lady Hilda gave it to her, and she glanced eagerly at it. On the third finger shone a plain gold ring. When the sick woman saw it she pressed it eagerly to her lips.

"Who gave you that ring?" she asked.

"Lady Hutton," was the reply. "She placed it on my finger on my sixteenth birthday. Why do you ask me these questions? What do you know of me?"

For all answer the sad, sweet eyes looked into her face, as though trying to read every thought of her heart.

"I could not die until I had seen you," she said. "I have hungered and thirsted for one look at your face, for one word from your lips. My heart craved for you, so that I could not die. I am breaking my oath; but it was a cruel one; besides, I must know what answer to give, when I stand before the great white throne. God gave me a precious jewel, and I left it with another. He will ask what I did with it. What shall I say?"

Lady Baynebam thought the poor woman was raving, and she laid her white, cool hand upon the hot brow. Still those sad eyes seemed to drink in every change on her face.

"When I gave my jewel away," she continued, "I swore that I would never recall it; but I cannot die until it is mine again. *She* will know, perhaps, in the other world, that I have broken my oath,—it must be so. Hilda, look at me. Have you no memory of me? Have you never seen me before?"

"Your face is familiar to me," replied Hilda, wondering at the strange address; "I have seen something like it in my dreams."

"Nothing more?" cried the woman, a wild sob bursting from the pale lips. "Is there no memory of the long sweet nights, when that golden head was pillowed on my breast, of the long days when I nursed you in my arms, of the hot tears I have shed over you,—is there nothing that tells you of my love, my sorrow, and despair? Ah, how many years is it since I clasped my little child in my arms, and took what I believed to be my last look at her! Hilda, I should rise, I should kneel there at your feet and ask you to pardon me, but I did all for the best."

Lady Baynebam's face had grown very pale, her lips quivered, and her eyes grew dim.

"I do not quite understand you yet," she whispered, "tell me more plainly who you are."

The white face turned to her, the lips trembling, the large, sad eyes filled with tears.

"I have hungered and thirsted for you," she continued, "my heart burned within me, parched and withered for one glance at that face. Oh, darling, bend over me, lower still; look at me—pardon me. I am your own unhappy mother—*you* are my only child."

"My mother!" said Lady Hilda gently; "is it possible? can it be true?"

"It is true," said the dying woman; "eighteen years ago my heart broke when I gave you, my only child, my love, my comfort, to another. I could not die until I heard you call me mother once again. Oh, darling,—my own, my only child,—do not turn from me. Say you forgive me; then I can die in peace."

Lady Hilda bent over the drooping face so full of wild sorrow.

"Tell me about it," she said gently; "I do not quite understand."

Then, by the gray light of the winter morning, Magdalen Hurst told her story,—told of her simple beautiful girlhood spent in the bonnie woods of Brynmar; of the fate that came to her when she met handsome, reckless, unprincipled Stephen Hurst. She told the sad story of her married life, with its wretched ending, when the gay, handsome lover of her youth stood in the dock, and the fatal sentence was pronounced against him,—how he wanted her to join him in that far off land; and in order to do so she had parted with her only child.

"It was not that I did not love you, darling," pleaded the sweet, faint voice. "I died in that hour; life has only been a burden to me since. I had nothing to give you but shame, misery, and reproach, the burden of a tainted name, poverty and toil. She gave you wealth, honor, and all that the world esteems. I knew that you would be happy with her, for she loved you. Still, I could not face my Maker until I knew from my child's own lips that she was happy and well cared for. I am dying fast; call me mother once again."

Lady Baynebam laid her face upon her mother's; she touched the pale brow with her warm loving lips.

"Mother," she whispered, "I begin to remember you. I love you, and have nothing to forgive."

There was a strange likeness between the two faces,—one wearing the pallor of death, the other rich in youth's best beauty.

"Mother," whispered Lady Baynebam, "let me send for my husband to see you."

"No, my dear child," said her mother, starting, "that cannot be. I have not come to drag you down to my own level, Hilda—to bring shame and disgrace upon you—to humble the pride of those who claim you now. Keep my secret as I have kept it. I only came to see you once more—to hear you call me mother, to kiss your face, and touch with my hand the golden curls I remembered and loved so well. I shall be buried where you can come at times to see my grave, but the story of my life must not be told. Hilda, swear to me that you will never reveal what you now know."

Standing by her mother's death-bed, Lady Hilda Baynebam made a vow to keep her secret faithfully, and never to reveal one word of what had passed.

"You are very beautiful," said Magdalen Hurst fondly, as her hand lingered on the golden curls; "tell me, are you very happy, darling, does Lord Baynebam love you very much?"

Lady Baynebam told the story of her love—told it with sweet shy blushes that gladdened the weary woman who gazed upon them.

"Has he never asked who your parents were?" she said.

"His mother did," replied Hilda; "but all that seems to be forgotten now."

"Let it be so," said Magdalen Hurst; "no good can come of telling it, only bitter shame and sorrow to you. I gave you that ring, Hilda, on the day I left you. I meant to keep my word and never see you again, but I could not. My heart seemed to burn with the thought of you. When I reached England, after that long absence, I took no rest until I had discovered everything about Lady Hutton's ward. I heard that Lady Hutton was dead, and that you were married to Lord Baynesham. I had but little money; I walked from London to your home here, and watched for three whole days at the lodge gate until I saw you. The wild rush of joy comes back to me now. I saw a lady with a lovely face and golden hair; my heart gave a great bound, then a solemn silence fell over me. It was you—my little Hilda, no longer a child whom I could clasp in my arms, but grown a beautiful, stately lady. When you came near I saw that your face was like what mine was when the world called me fair. I longed for one word. You gave me a flower; see, all these months I have kept it. Your sweet eyes smiled on me, your eyes pierced my heart, and I wonder now that joy did not kill me. I have seen you since. I could not leave the place where you lived. I took this room, and two months since I fell ill here. I have waited impatiently for death, knowing that when my last hour came, I should ask for you, and that you would come."

"How you have loved me, mother!" said Lady Hilda. "Why did you not send for me before?"

"It is better so," darling," said Magdalen. "You might have betrayed the secret if you had known it. Before the sun sets I shall have gone to rest, and no one but you will ever know who sleeps in the nameless grave you must provide for me. I should like to tell you now of your father. Let me rest my head upon you for awhile."

For the last time Lady Hilda pillowed the drooping head upon her arm.

"I loved him," said Magdalen, "all my life; I love him now. All is clear at the hour of death; I understand him at last. I thought he was a hero, Hilda,—a grand, noble, brave gentleman; he was simply a handsome, good-natured man. I worshipped him, and he knew it. If he had married someone with sense enough to have seen his faults, and have helped him to mend them, life might have been different to him. He married me for my beauty, Hilda, and I think he loved me. My poor father and mother were proud of my grand match. Lady Hutton tried everything in her power to persuade me to break it. She told me that I should be wretched, and I have been rightly punished, for my answer was that I would sooner be miserable with Stephen Hurst than happy with anyone else.

"I need not tell you the story of my married life," she continued; "I need not dwell upon your father's sin. He broke the laws, and met with his punishment. The tragedy of my life began after he left England. His sentence was transportation for ten years. At first he seemed heart broken, and wrote continually, begging me to join him. I had no money, and no friends. Heaven keep you, my child, from ever feeling a grief like mine when Lady Hutton offered me money to go to my husband, if I would leave you with her. I left you. He knows what it cost me. You were three years old then, and lovely as a fairy. I went that long journey with an aching heart. True, I was going to my husband; but I had left my child. Hilda, at night I used to grow crazy with grief; night brought you back to me in my dreams.

"At last I reached the place where my husband was. Many suns have risen and set since then, but the old pain comes back to me as strong and sharp as ever. I had left you for him, but he was not pleased to see me. He had written, pressing me to come, but the very sight of [my] pale face seemed to vex him. His first question was not of my child or of my journey, but what I had done to lose all my beauty. Did I think he should care to show such a wretched, pining, miserable creature as his wife?

"I answered him not a word, Hilda; the life blood seemed leaving my heart. It was for this that I had left you. Yet even then, ungrateful, unkind, and unloving as he was, he was still my hero and my king. It took many years of neglect to lessen my love.

"I need not trouble you, my darling, with the history of those ten years. To me they were one long martyrdom. Surely Heaven has kept count of all I suffered.

"The time came when Stephen Hurst was once more a free man; that is eight years since. He was even then handsome, and full of high spirits.

"'Maggie,' he said to me one day, 'Maggie, you must try and work your way back to England. I am going off to the diggings. You cannot accompany me.'

"I begged and implored him to let me go. I promised to work and help him, but all in vain.

"'I cannot be hampered with a woman,' he said, roughly. 'Go back to England. My plans are made. I shall make my fortune at the diggings, and then go home to spend it. If I fail, then I must die there. In either case you would be equally in the way.'

"Then he bade me good-bye, Hilda, and left me alone in that strange land. He took leave of me carelessly and lightly, as though he should return in an hour.

"I remember his handsome face with its careless smile.

"'Good-bye, Maggie,' he said, lightly; 'we had not had the best of luck. I think our marriage was a mistake, after all; no good has come of it. Get back to England as soon as you can, and make yourself comfortable.'

"Hilda, in my passionate sorrow I prayed to die. What had I done that such heavy woe should fall upon me? I had but a few shillings. I was alone in a strange land; you, my child, were lost to me, and my husband, had deserted me. I did as other women. I fell upon my face, and cried out for death to release me from all sorrow, and lay me to rest."

Magdalen Hurst paused, as though the sorrow so vividly remembered were fresh upon her, and for some few minutes was unable to continue her life's history.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Magdalen Hurst had sufficiently recovered from the painful remembrances of her past life she spoke again.

"I lived through it, Hilda," she said; "death had no mercy for me. It took the young, the loved, the happy, but passed me by.

"For nearly six years I worked and saved, so that I might once more return to England. Then came a letter from my husband,—a cruel letter; but it had no power to hurt me for I was long past all pain. He told me his fortune was made, that he had been wonderfully successful in the diggings, and now he was going home to spend his money, and resume the position he had forfeited in marrying me. He said, if I applied to his solicitor in London, I should receive a yearly annuity that would keep me from all want or poverty. But I would not touch his money, Hilda,—I never answered his letter.

"I paid for my journey out of my little store of earnings. I went direct to London, thinking I might gain some information as to Lady Hutton. There I heard of her death and your marriage to Lord Baynesham. I could not rest until I had seen you, so I resolved to find my way to Baynesham—to look once more upon your face, and then I was indifferent to what might come.

"There was some more sorrow in store for me. I was walking down one of those grand wide streets in London, where, they told me, the nobles of the land dwell. I saw my husband, looking young, handsome, and dressed as he used to be when I saw him first at Brynmar. He was talking and laughing with three or four gentlemen. Hilda, my whole heart went out to him. I forgot his cruelty, his desertion,—he was my lover. I saw no longer the wide streets of London—I was in Brynmar woods, and he, with love in his eyes and on his lips was by his side. Hardly knowing what I did, I cried, 'Stephen! do you not know me?'

"I forgot that my face had lost its beauty,—that I was poor, ill-dressed and faded.

"He turned when I uttered his name; a white savage look came over his face when his eyes fell upon me. He bowed to his friends, and walked hastily away to one of the large, grand mansions near. I followed him, not for money, Hilda,—not because he was rich and prosperous,—but for love of the handsome face that had once smiled into mine; for love of him who had once loved me.

"I followed him up the broad flight of steps; the hall door opened, he entered, and I stood upon the threshold.

"'Stephen,' I said, speak to me only one word, and I will never trouble you again.'

"For all answer he called with a loud voice, and a man servant came quickly at his summons.

"'John,' said he to him, 'look at this woman, that you may remember her. She is an impostor who annoys me. If she comes here again shut the door in her face, or call a policeman to eject her.'

"His eyes glistened as he spoke; there was a hard, cold, cruel look upon his face that hurt me even more than his words. He neither spoke nor looked at me, and I have never seen him since. I turned with trembling steps from my husband's magnificent home. I do not remember how time passed. I asked a servant, who came from the house, the name of its master.

"'Mr. Fulton,' he replied; and then I knew that Stephen Hurst had changed his name.

"My husband judged me rightly, Hilda. He knew I should never claim through law or justice what he did not give me from love. I could have taken revenge; I could have covered his name with infamy; I might have stricken the smiles from his handsome face, and held him up to scorn and shame; I might have done these things had I not loved him. Even then I would have laid down my life to serve and save him."

The faint voice grew still weaker, and Lady Baynesham, caressing the white, beautiful face, prayed her to rest.

"I have little more to say, my darling," replied Magdalen Hurst. "I must give you one warning. Your father would like to discover you now. He knows you were adopted by a wealthy lady. He knows that Lady Hutton was my friend. If he should hear that you were her ward, and see your face, so like mine in its youth, he will claim you as his child. Avoid all chance of meeting him if you can. I have heard that a new and strange gift of foresight comes to the dying; it has come to me, and I see trouble for you, my darling, from his hand."

"I must bear it, mother, patiently as you have done," said Lady Hilda.

Then there fell upon them a deep and solemn silence. Death was drawing near; his awful shadow cast an ashen pallor on the face of Magdalen Hurst, and dimmed the light of her eyes.

"Hilda, darling," she whispered, "if there should come to you as there has come to me, a wonder why I should have suffered—I, so young, so innocent, so unconscious of all wrong—promise me to remember that all those things which puzzle us here will be set right in another world. I shall soon know why my life has been so sad and sorrowful."

As the shadow fell more deeply and darkly, the golden head of the young girl lay near where her mother's hand could touch the loved face.

Lady Baynesham was not frightened; she had seen death once before, and knew its power. All fear, all thought, was lost in the one great knowledge that she was with her own mother at last.

Hour after hour passed, and the shadow deepened; there was no more words, for Magdalen Hurst's strength had failed her. Until sight and hearing were closed for this world, her eyes were fixed upon the face of her child, and she listened to every word that fell from those pure young lips. But when the grim presence stood by her, she made one great effort.

"If ever you see him, Hilda," she murmured, "tell him I forgive him, and loved him and blessed him as I died."

And then the aching, wearied heart was at rest. Death left strange beauty on the white face; the closed lips wore a smile as of one who had found peace. Warm tears fell from Lady Baynesham's eyes as she crossed the white hands over the quiet breast, and smoothed the long veil of golden hair from the white brow.

"Good-bye, mother," she said, pressing her warm lips on the cold dead face: "good-bye. You were lost to me in life and found in death. You will sleep well until I join you."

Mrs. Paine came up when she heard the sick woman had ceased to suffer.

"I am glad she sent for me," said Lady Baynesham, in a cold, calm voice, that startled her as she spoke; "she nursed me years ago, and I am her only friend."

Mrs Paine saw nothing peculiar in that, but she wondered why Lady Baynesham shuddered when strange hands began to touch the lifeless form.

"Let some one come and stay with you," she said. "I will arrange all the payments. Let the funeral take place on Tuesday, and let her be buried in the churchyard at Oulston. You can attend to it, I suppose."

Mrs Paine was eloquent in her protestations.

"She had lodged with me for many months," she said, "but I do not know her name. What shall I say when I ask for the papers?"

A crimson flush covered Lady Baynesham's face. Was she, her beautiful, deeply-wronged mother, to lie in a nameless grave? No, it could not be; a plain stone might mark her grave, but those papers should bear no false name, let come what might.

"Her name was Magdalen Hurst," she replied with quivering lips.

Lady Baynesham knew it would not be possible for her to return to the cottage if her vow and the secret were to be kept. She bent once more over the quiet dead face and kissed the smiling cold lips. She looked her last at the mother she had known only in her dreams and in death; then she went out, leaving the dead alone. In the same, dead voice she gave her final orders to Mrs. Paine.

"Let the funeral take place at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon," she said. "I will see you again when it is all over."

Like one in a dream she left the cottage where her dead mother lay. The gray mist had become damper and thicker—it seemed to enfold her like a garment. Despite the cold and fog, when Lady Hilda reached one of the iron seats placed in her broad path, she sat down,—not to rest, but to collect her thoughts. Her brain whirled—it was impossible to arrange her ideas. Could she have been dreaming? Last night, only a few hours ago, she was the brilliant queen of a brilliant throng, beloved and admired, perfectly happy, without a cloud in her sky, now she was sick with the weight of her own misery. Mingled with the grief she felt for her beautiful mother's cruel fate, came the thought of what she was,—the Countess of Baynesham, wife of one of England's proudest earls, the bearer of a name great and illustrious, yet the child of shame and reproach, the daughter of a convicted felon, of an unprincipled man who had cruelly doomed her mother to sorrow and death. Through the thick mist she looked wildly up to the gray sky; her little hands clasped in agony.

"What have I done," she cried, "that I am punished so? I have done no wrong;—why should it be? Why has the calm, still current of my life changed? Why, in my youth and happiness and innocence, has shame and sorrow sought me out?"

As she sat there in the first anguish of her pain, Lady Hilda wished the mother who lay dead and at rest had never tried to change her lot. Had she been brought up to bear it, it would not have seemed so hard. What would Claud say if he knew?—how was she to live with this secret burning and blistering her very life?—she who had never hidden from him one thought.

It was a heavy burden that the sins, the sorrows, and the caprices of others had laid on that fair, drooping head.

What would the stately countess say?—she, so proud of her stainless name and spotless race; she who said so haughtily that the women of her family had ever been without reproach? How that fair, proud face would whiten and quiver if she knew that her son's wife was a convict's daughter! Where would the shame and misery end? "They would send me from him," she said to herself, "and put another in my place."

With a sinking, humbled heart, she owned to herself that it was all wrong. She, the convict's daughter, had no right to be mistress of that proud home, wife to the noble, brave lord, who ruled over it.

The golden head drooped more sadly. She was quite alone; there was only the gray wintry sky over her head, and the think mist around her. No sunshine mocked her with its light, no birds with their song. she knelt on the ground, and laid her head on the iron rails. In this, the hour of great sorrow and desolation, there was no human heart for her to trust; she must bear her sorrow alone and unaided. Lady Hilda wept as she never did before, and never did again. She wept for her dead mother, for the vanished happiness of her own life, for the wreck of her hopes and love.

Tears brought relief to her burning, bewildered brain. The cool wind refreshed her. She remembered the brilliant party who would soon be waiting for her.

It was then nearly eleven; she had to walk home, and prepare to meet her husband. There was no time to lose; she went through the park with rapid steps. All was silent in the Castle; the servants were busy, but none of the guests seemed to have left their rooms. She reached her own apartment unnoticed. When she stood there, with the same dreamlike feeling of unreality, there came to her mind strange, solemn words she had read, and had never understood before: "The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GAIT AND CHARACTER.—Observing people move slow—their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn round. Careful persons lift their feet high, and place them down flat and firm. Sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction, and place it quietly by the side of the way. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets, and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed. Timid persons often step off from the sidewalk on meeting another, and always go round a stone instead of stepping over it. Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing with their arms, while their hands shake about miscellaneously. Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other. Very strong-minded persons have toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons persons walk fast and slow by turns. Venturesome persons try all roads, frequently climb fences, instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar. Ouse idea persons are very selfish, and "toe in." Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together. Good-natured persons snap thumb and finger every few steps. Fun-loving persons have a kind of jig movement. Absent minded persons often take the wrong road, and sometimes find themselves up to their knees in a mud puddle although the sidewalks are excellent. Dignified men move slow and erect. Fast persons cut across the corner, kick every dog they meet, knock down little children, run against the ladies, and hit every twelfth man's ribs with their elbows. Very neat men occasionally stop to wipe the dust from their boots—their hands hang by their sides.

A lady was praising the amiability of her friend's husband and asked how in the world she had ever brought him to such perfection, whereupon the friend sweetly answered that she did it chiefly with a croquet mallet.

A bridal gown with two trains was a freakish costume lately worn in Paris.

FEAR OF THE FUTURE.

BY J. G. BAKER.

Slave of disloyal fears, who dost accept
The will of heaven for the passing day,
Yet for the future tremblest! Coward, say,
Is a reserve of torture for thee kept,
Against the moment when He, having slept,
Shall let the powers of evil force their way,
And, in thy household raging, slash and slay,
With havoc thou beforehand hast bewept?
Oh, unsubdued, unwise, self-harrowing soul!
Thy Father's will is changeless and entire;
He bids thee trust it as a perfect whole,
For all that ever will or can transpire,
For all the billows that may round thee roll,
The chill, dark river, and the chastening fire.

Kate's Lovers

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

"IS this your final answer?"

"I suppose so. I would not say 'No,' if I did not mean it."

The girl who uttered these words raised a pair of very blue eyes to the dark, sullen face of her companion, Charles Brandon, who had just that moment asked her to be his wife. She was pulling a moss rose to pieces with about as much compunction as she had refused that man, and not the slightest bit abashed at the serious turn the conversation had taken during the walk through the woods to her own door.

He was about to launch into something like invective, but by a strong effort checked himself.

"Never mind," he said. "I bid you good-bye."

Her first impulse was resentment at his manner of addressing her; but on second thought, and considering that her refusal of him had caused an allowable excitement in his feelings, Kate Miller laughingly tossed her fair, brownish curls back off her shoulders, saucily throwing the red-hued leaves she had crumpled in her hand at him—but he was gone.

Charles Brandon went back to his business in the town, his regular features as composed as usual; and no one would have supposed, from his steady hand, his clear brain, and the manner in which he balanced his accounts, that but a few hours previously his whole being had been convulsed with passion.

About three weeks later, in the same place where Charles Brandon had received his dismissal, Kate Miller stood, overshadowed by the dark foliage of the trees—but not alone. At her side, and with one arm circling round her waist, speaking sweet nonsense in her willing ear, was a young man, whose bronzed face and clear gray eye indicated one who had battled with the world, and had full reliance in his own ability to meet its dangers.

He had been a playmate of Kate's when both were children, and had only recently returned from the gold-diggings, where he had been fortunate enough to secure what scarcely one in every thousand does—a fortune.

Harry Cullen—for such was his name—felt exalted as one does under the influence of some ethereal draught, and if a presentiment of some foreshadowing evil crossed his mind, it was quickly dispelled by a glance of the soft blue eyes of his companion.

"Tell me once again that you love me, Kate."

A "Yes," scarcely audible above the murmuring sighing of the trees, was the response.

"And always will?" he asked.

"Always," she replied; "for ever."

"Then am I the happiest of men. For this would I brave again the perils and dangers of my wandering life thrice over."

Many were the envious glances cast at Kate by the young ladies for having won the heart of Harry Cullen, as not a few of them had entered the lists against her. Among the number was Kate's bosom friend, Mary Gardiner, a dark-eyed brunette of some twenty summers.

"Kate, my dear," said Mary, running in one morning, "have you heard the news?"

"No," said Kate; "what about?"

"Why, there's to be a grand ball on Thursday next, at the Town Hall. Everybody will be there; so I came to ask what you intend to wear."

"Oh, I suppose plain white; that becomes me best."

"Well; now, mind, look your best. But pshaw! who is there worth dressing for in this place?"

The evening came; and Mary Gardiner, who was acknowledged to be the belle, endeavored by every art to engage the attention of Harry Cullen, who on his part felt flattered by her preference, little dreaming of the jealous eyes that watched his every action. He danced with her, and talked, until suddenly he remembered with a start, as if waking from a dream, that the magnetic spells of this girl's voice and manner had so engrossed his time as to make him entirely negligent of Kate. He hastened to her side, and in his most winning manner apologized for his long absence; but Kate was hurt, deeply hurt, at this sudden, strange desertion.

Twice during the evening she had found Charles Brandon's eyes fixed on her with a singularly pleased expression on his face, as if he had divined her secret cause of trouble; in a short time he came round to where she was, and asked the pleasure of a dance. At another time she would have refused; but now—now was her opportunity for revenge. What better chance could happen to prove her spirit than by dancing with his rival? She knew these two men hated each other on her account; and to gratify her anger she danced with Brandon, which act estranged her from Harry during the remainder of the evening.

The next morning, Harry Cullen being sad at heart, and yearning to make his peace with Kate, determined to call on her; but on consideration, thinking it might be advisable to give her time to recover from her bad humor, sent her a note instead, asking her forgiveness, and intimating that he would see her that evening. Having despatched the note, he went out for a stroll in the woods with his dog and gun.

Kate had spent an unhappy night; bad dreams had disturbed her rest; the face of Brandon as she saw it when she refused to become his wife, malignant and vindictive, had haunted her; and even the remembrance of his face when dancing had caused unpleasant recollections; she fancied she had detected a malicious smile about the mouth. And then her quarrel with Harry. Would he ever speak to her again, after the outrageous manner in which she had treated him? Could she expect it? or could she justify her conduct?

Presently a knock came to the door. She listened intently, and with a fluttering heart, hoping against hope it might be her darling Harry. But no, 'twas not his voice. The girl came and handed her a note. She glanced at the direction. Oh, joy! It was from Harry—her own Harry.

Calmly and quietly she spent the day—almost happy—reading his note over and over again, and longing intently for the evening, which with its darkness would usher in his beloved presence. Never, to her imagination, did a day seem so long. The sun, with its hot, powerful rays, would it never set? would the soft twilight never appear? But hark! What crowd is that along the road? What is that they carry so gently? She goes to the window, and asks the information from some bystander. He informs her it is the dead body of a man found in the woods, killed by the accidental discharge of a gun.

She shudders at the tale, and wonders how his sorrowing friends will bear the loss. Perhaps he has a wife to mourn him; perhaps some fond girl, who will be heart-broken at the news.

Having left the window, she suddenly returns, thinking herself stupid at not having inquired the name—perhaps it might be some one known to her—when she was horror-stricken at seeing her Harry, pale and bleeding, carried by.

She shrieks, "I killed him!" and falls back in a lifeless swoon.

When Kate returned to consciousness, all the gloom and misery of a lifetime seemed concentrated in that one moment.

Poor Kate Miller! The shock was dreadful. She thought she never would outlive it; but time is the sovereign healer of all things, and in youth especially, months accomplish what years cannot do in maturity.

Reader, was she heartless? She never asked herself that question when she took Charles Brandon for better, for worse. In less than one year after the hour of that terrible suffering she became his wife.

Years rolled on, bringing a greater amount of sorrow than joy to Kate Brandon. Little children nestled in her arms but a short while, then were carried to their graves; and, worse than all, it had been one long warfare, one continued struggle between her husband and herself—the indomitable spirit he could not conquer—the temper he could not tame.

A good, devoted mother, an excellent housewife, but a companion, adviser, guide to this evil-natured, heartless, pitiless man, never!

But the time had come for her, and the great mystery of death was closing round her.

Charles Brandon had gone out in the morning, carelessly inquiring "how she felt."

"No better. Send the doctor as you pass," she replied.

The doctor came, but the great reaper arrived first, and Kate Brandon was lying in the awful majesty of death when her husband looked upon her again. She had fought the battle. Let us hope she had won the crown.

"Queen Victoria always keeps her appointments." Why should she not keep all appointments, despite the weather, with every appliance to insure comfortable transportation at her command? If she had to go on foot to the prorogue Parliament in rubbers and waterproof, carrying an umbrella, with the wind going sixty miles an hour, her punctuality would be commendable.

Obstinacy is the heroism of little minds.

ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

IN South America, I have frequently seen the alligators, or lagartos, eighteen or twenty feet long. They feed principally on fish, which they catch in the rivers, and are known sometimes to go in a company of ten or twelve to the mouths of the small rivers and creeks, where two or three ascend while the tide is high, leaving the rest at the mouth; when the tide has fallen, one party beats the mouth of the creek, while the other swims down the stream, flapping their tails and driving the fish into the very jaws of their devourers, which catch them and lift their heads out of the water to devour them.

When these voracious creatures cannot procure a sufficient quantity of fish to satisfy their hunger, they betake themselves to the savannahs, where they destroy the calves and foals, lurking about during the day, and seizing their prey when asleep at night, which they drag to the water-side, and there devour it. The cattle and dogs appear sensible of their danger, when they go to the rivers to drink, and will howl and bark until they attract the attention of the alligators at one place, and then drop back and run to another, where they drink in a hurry and immediately leave the water-side; otherwise, as has been the case, an alligator would seize on them by the nose, drag them under the water, and drown and eat them.

When the lagarto has once tasted the flesh of animals, it will almost abandon the fish, and reside principally ashore. I once crossed a large plain, where I saw a living one buried, except the head, in the clay, beside the remains of several dead ones. One inquiring how they came there, the peasantry told me, that when the rains fall in the mountains, a great part of this savannah is inundated, at which time the lagartos prowl about in search of the cattle remaining on the small islands that are then formed; and when the waters retire they are left imbedded in the clay, till the ensuing rains set them at liberty; they feed on flies, and can exist in this manner for six or seven months. When found in this state, the natives always kill them, sometimes by piercing them with lances between the foreleg and the body, the only visible part in which they are vulnerable. If they be not prepared with a lance, they collect wood, and kindle a fire as near to the mouth of the lagarto as they dare venture, and burn him to death.

These animals will sometimes seize human beings when bathing, and even take children from the shores. After having succeeded once or twice, they will venture to take men or women if they can surprise them asleep; but they are remarkably timid, and any noise will drive them from their purpose. They have also been known to swim alongside a small canoe, and to suddenly place one of their paws on the edge and upset it, when they immediately seize the unwary victim. Whenever it is known that one that has devoured either a human being or some cattle is in the neighborhood, all the people join in the common cause and destroy it; this they often effect by means of a noose of strong hide rope, baited with some animal food. When the lagarto seizes the bait, its upper jaw becomes entangled with the rope, and the people attack it with their lances, and generally kill it.

The natives divert themselves in catching the lagartos alive; they employ two methods, equally terrific and dangerous to a spectator at first sight. A man takes in his right hand a truncheon; this is of hard wood, about two feet long, having a ball formed at each end, into which are fastened two iron harpoons, and to the middle of this truncheon a plaited thong is fastened. The man takes this in his hand, plunges it into the river, and holds it horizontally on the surface of the water, grasping a dead fowl with the same hand, and swimming with the other; he places himself in a right line with the lagarto, which is almost sure to dart at the fowl; when this happens, the truncheon is placed in a vertical position, and at the moment that the jaw of the lagarto is thrown up, it is thrust into the mouth; so that when the jaw falls down again, the two harpoons become fixed, and the animal is dragged to the shore by the cord. The natives now surround the largarto and bait it like a bull, holding before it anything that is red, at which it runs, when the man jumps to one side, and avoids being struck by it, while the animal continues to run forward in a straight line, till checked by the thong. When tired of teasing the poor brute, they kill it by thrusting a lance down its throat, or under the foreleg into its body, unless by accident it is thrown on its back, when it may be pierced in any part of the belly, which is soft and easily penetrated.

The other method is, by taking a fowl in one hand, and a sharp strong knife in the other; the man swims till he is directly opposite to the alligator, and at the moment when it springs at the fowl, the man dives under the water, leaving the fowl on the surface; he then holds up the knife to the belly of the animal, and cuts it open, when the alligator immediately rolls over on its back, and is carried away by the stream. The teeth of the alligator are often taken from the jaws, and many curious little knick-knacks are made from them.

BUCKLAND.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CHINA'S LANGUAGES.—The spoken language of China so differs in every separate province that people living a hundred miles apart can no more understand each other than a Norwegian can understand a Hottentot. The mandarin or court language is more common than any other dialect, and is the official tongue of the empire.

THE BULL'S-EYE.—The Tartars, famous for the use of the bow, teach their youth to shoot at a mark made of hide, pierced in the middle. This is probably the oldest form of target. Such were in very early use among the Saxons and afterwards those painted with rings and a white spot. From the Saxons we have the term bull's-eye, the word "bull" or "boll" being applied to anything circular.

MOURNING THE DEAD.—There are many well-educated people whom nothing can induce to put on a mourning garment when not in black themselves. Everyone knows the origin of the custom of burying the dead with their feet to the east, a custom among Christian nations and adopted at first that, as the Lord is to come in the East, the dead may arise and stand with their faces to Him in the resurrection.

INSPIRATION OF GENIUS.—Byron wrote some of his looser poems under the influence of gin. Coleridge De Quincy and Shadwell prodded the muse with opium. Sheridan did good work with the aid of brandy; Ben Jonson was assisted by "canary," and Æschylus is said to have been invariably intoxicated when he wrote. The great achievements which some authors have produced at a single sitting show that moods have played an important part in literature.

LADIES.—The mistresses of manor-houses, in former times, served out to the poor, weekly, with their own hands, certain quantities of bread, and were therefore called Lof day—two Saxon words signifying bread or loaf days, and the words were at length corrupted, and the mistress is called to this day Lady, that is, Lof day. The introduction of ladies to court was first to that of Louis XII., of France, 1499. As a title of honor, the title of lady properly belongs to the daughters of earls, and all of higher rank.

GALLOWS' MARRIAGES.—The old custom of marrying under the gallows to save life seems to have been the most romantic of all forms of tying the knot. If a man or woman would consent to marry, under the gallows, a person condemned to death, the criminal might thereby be saved from execution. An old English ballad tells the story of a merchant of Chichester who was thus saved from hanging by a loving maiden; and in 1784, at New York, a man actually in this way escaped death. Another author tells the story of a criminal who refused marriage at the foot of the gallows, and preferred death.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—The origin of the peculiar custom of St. Valentine's Day is involved in mystery. Among the pleasant traditions, perhaps none is more worthy of adoption than the following: Madame Royale, daughter of Henry IV., of France, having built a palace near Turin, in honor of the saint, then in high esteem, she called it Valentine; at the first entertainment which she gave in it, she was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers for the year by lots, reserving to herself the privilege of being independent of chance and of choosing her own partner. At the various balls which this gallant princess gave during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a nosegay from her lover, and that at every tournament the knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his allotted mistress, with this proviso, that the prize should be hers. These pleasant interchanges among the "young people" finally grew into a custom, and thus originated the exchange of love tokens on St. Valentine's Day.

KISSING DAY IN RUSSIA.—A curious Easter custom prevails among the Russians of all grades of society. The fashion is to present an egg to a friend the first time you meet him or her—most generally her—after twelve o'clock on Easter night. The one who presents the egg exclaims, "Christ is risen!" the other answers, "Is he risen indeed?" and three kisses follow. Of course the second one has generally an egg sent in present in return. Timid swains eagerly take advantage of this custom to obtain the privilege of embracing some fond object whom they would otherwise be too bashful to approach. These eggs are of all kinds—some simple hens' eggs, gilded, or silvered, or colored; red, blue, or violet; some sugar eggs, embellished with all kinds of fanciful designs. There are also diminutive gold marble, or simple wooden eggs; others are large enough to serve as ladies' travelling bags; or they may be placed on stands to serve as a useful family ornament; hens may sit on a nest full of bon bon eggs; and some may be fitted up inside with a set of children's toys. There are eggs, in fact, arranged in every imaginable manner, and made out of every imaginable material. On this day, it is believed, hundreds of thousands of these change hands in St. Petersburg alone, and the sum spent in their purchase must be prodigious.

SNOW IN THE CITY.

BY ETHEL TAHR.

In night's calm hours the snowflakes softly fell,
And garmented the earth for coming day.
Veiling alike the town's polluted way,
The grassy plain, the hill-top and the dell.
But when the morn rose is there need to tell
How soon the city's snow was trampled in,
Crushed by the myriad feet—made foul as sin?
Fair innocence! thou too dost seldom dwell
With crowning cares, unreal joy and woe:
They crush thy beauty, soil the pure young heart,
Change noblest gifts to things most vile and low.
Until at last we slowly own thou art
The rarest grace a bustling life can show,
And mostly found in souls that dwell apart.

The Window Light.

BY A. MATHESON.

"I'LL keep the light burning in the window for you until you come back," said the wife, as she went to the door with her husband. "It's all the light you'll have, I think, for there's a snow coming up, and the moon's gone already. You'd better stay at home, Will."

"No. I'll be back soon, Kathie," he said. "I'll remember you and the light."

And then he kissed her, and she listened to his firm step going down the road until it died away in the distance.

Then, with the hope that always hides somewhere in a loving woman's heart, she sat at her sewing, building pretty castles in the air.

William was to leave off drinking entirely, and they were to prosper as they had never done before; the farm would flourish; the home grow pretty under her careful hands.

Other children would come, though their only little one lay in the churchyard, and then a tear fell upon the work the mother had in her hands.

It was once when Will had taken too much that he would dandle the child, and had let it fall and hurt it.

She knew he had killed it, though he loved it as much as she did; he never guessed it, and he never should know.

Poor William! he had only one fault, and that—oh, yes, he would rid himself of that, and all would be well.

So she stitched and thought, and thought and stitched, until the candle, sinking in the socket, warned her how time had flown, and, turning to the clock, she saw that it was now three hours since William had left her.

Saddened, but not terrified as yet, the wife set a new candle in the socket and bound back the curtain that some of the light might be lost from the road.

Then she folded her work and sat waiting and watching.

Alas! she watched the night away.

William never came at all.

There had been some good company at the inn, and he had been urged to drink until his senses left him, and when dawn broke was staggering arm in-arm with another as senseless as himself amongst the docks and wharves of the seaside town which was the nearest to his home.

How it happened he never knew any more than how it was he let his baby fall, but he had shipped himself for a year's voyage, and when he came sufficiently to himself to remember home and Kathie he was out at sea, and to those about him the tale he told was nothing but a joke.

He wrote to Kathie a penitent letter, ending with a vow to return to her a sober man; but she never got it.

Perhaps it was lost, as a letter is now and then.

That he was drowned seemed to be the popular belief, for the water was very near, and drunken men had walked into it before. But, at last a word fell on Kathie's ear that gave her one straw to hold by.

The miller, who must be at his work when he might have been at the mill that night.

Men had passed his gate, and he "believed he heard Muller's voice."

"And I saw one of 'em, Mrs. Muller," he said, "and he was a sailor—with one of them wide collars turned down. He was a sailor, and they were going to the town."

Then Kathie began to hope. For she had heard of men thus carried off to sea on long voyages. Not every man desired to be a sailor, and crews were sometimes short.

"William will come back," she said; and at night, when clouds overcast the sky, she set her candle in the window as she had on the night he left her with a kiss. If he ever came he should know she had waited for him.

The long days were full of miserable fears; the long nights full of terrible dreams.

That letter would have been so much! She could have been patient with that in her bosom; but the Fates had not spun it into their web for her.

Could she have had a vision of that ship in the northern seas, and of the face of her husband as he paced the deck and thought of her, it might have saved her, for the discipline of the vessel had been a good thing for William Muller, and he was in a fair way to be a sober man for life.

There had been no chance to write to the poor woman again.

When they parted from that ship by which the lost letter went, they went alone into the wilderness of water, and the world might have been empty of all human beings save the crew of that one black vessel, for all that they could see or hear to the contrary.

He also was sad and remorseful, but how much happier was the man's than the woman's?

Action sustained him, and he knew the limit of his anxiety.

She had but that window with the sun falling through it by day, the candle burning in it by night. The dull routine of her daily life, and an illimitable anxiety.

Her eyes shone brighter, her skin was clearer, her teeth more pearly. She grew thinner and thinner, and her face fixed itself into an expression that seemed a smile, but was not—the deadliest omen of all.

By consumption had her father died, her mother, who was his own cousin, her little sister, her brother.

The disease had seemed to shun her until now, and even now she did not guess her fate.

She was weak; but she had never been very strong.

She did not feel well; but how could she, with William away?

The year had passed. The ship was coming home.

With a glass the captain could see the shores.

Once William begged that he might look through it.

"My wife is there, captain," he said, "and I'm anxious about her."

But what did the shore line tell him? Nothing.

As he stepped ashore, with his wages in his pocket, he could hardly walk fast enough, he was so anxious to reach her.

He strode out of the town and through the village. He passed the inn with a shudder. He turned into the long country-road, dotted here and there with farmhouses and barns—a low-lying country, flat and uninteresting as a landscape.

There was neither moon nor star; but he knew his way well, and at last, just where he knew his home stood, he saw a blur of yellow light.

Nearer and nearer to it, as he now began to run, he saw a candle—a candle set in his own window.

Kathie's hand had set it there he knew; and indeed it had.

All day long Kathie had been very weak and ill. She could not sew as she usually did.

"I shall never see you again, William," she said, "never!" and she began to weep, the tears rolling heavily from her eyes and down her cheeks.

After a while she gave one long, shuddering sigh, and did not move again.

It was at that moment her husband, running homewards along the road, grew certain that the blurred, yellow light was that of the candle his wife had set in the window to guide him home.

He came on towards it faster and faster yet. He saw not only the candle, but the hand that held it—Kathie's own.

He saw her face lying against the pane—the sleeve of her worn gown, through which the arm shaped itself so sharply.

"Kathie!" he cried, wild with joy, with hope, with love that seemed new-born, for his love for his wife had at least never been sullied by any thought for another woman; "Kathie! Kathie! Kathie, darling! I'm here! I've come home, Kathie!"

She did not stir. His voice brought no answer. He shook the door.

"Kathie!"

Still no reply.

He pressed his face against the pane. How still she was! how wan! how pale!

"She is asleep," he cried; but I cannot wait!"

And he set his strong shoulder against the door and burst it open.

He rushed into the little kitchen, the red firelight flashing in his glad eyes as he crossed it.

"Kathie, wake up!". "Kathie, it's your William come back to you!"

But Kathie would never wake again.

Kathie would never know that all her watching, waiting, and praying had been in vain. She was dead!

Her light had gone out for ever, though the light had burned brightly for her husband.

THE WORST OF THE TWO.—This story is told of a famous preacher: I walked down my garden some time ago, when the flowers were nicely out, and saw a big dog; and, as I was sure he knew nothing of gardening, I threw my walking-stick at him, and gave him some recommendations to 'go home.' To my intense surprise and shame, the dog picked up my stick, and wagging his tail, dropped the staff at my feet. He beat me altogether. I said to him, 'Good dog,' and I told him to come again and whenever he liked, if he was a dog of that kind. I felt that I was the worse dog of the two.

The Married Coquette.

BY HENRY FRITH.

MR. WYNHAM was Mrs. Wynham's husband.

She was a young woman, beautiful undoubtedly, with dark luxuriant beauty.

Puritanic society called Mrs. Wynham a wicked woman, for she was a flirt.

Mrs. Wynham called her promiscuous flirtations amusement.

But a woman who habitually sets propriety at defiance is not very reliable.

They were spending summer in a dull village.

Mr. Wynham had taken her out of the way of temptation, in hopes that she would learn to love solitude, to cultivate the virtues.

Vain hope!

In a week Mrs. Wynham declared she was dying of the blues, and if her husband persisted in living like a hermit, he might do so alone, she would leave him for ever.

The poor man went back, prepared to pet her, humor her, go to the world's end with her, but never let her leave him.

He was not transported with delight to see Mr. Ned Satterly bending over his wife's chair, his handsome blonde head very close to the dark beautiful face turned towards him.

It could not last much longer. Mr. Wynham was gradually making up his mind that she must choose between him and Satterly.

One evening Mr. Wynham drove up from the station, in a torrent of rain, amidst the crashing of thunder and flashing of lightning.

He found Mrs. Wynham was not at home.

He made inquiries. In the morning Mr. Satterly had driven the lady to the beach, about ten miles off, and had not returned.

In half an hour a man with a pale, set face, with a bitter anger, and half acknowledged dread at his heart, was driving a pair of horses furiously through the rain on toward the seashore.

He stopped before the principal hotel of the watering place.

He walked down the darkened verandah to think quietly a moment before entering to prosecute his search.

Through an open lattice light streamed from a small room.

He stopped.

He saw a table glittering with silver and crystal.

Beneath the light stood a man and woman, each holding a glass of foaming wine.

The woman slipped her arm inside her companion's, touched his glass with hers, and raised it to her lips.

Then her laughing eyes turned to the window. Her hand trembled; she started back.

Mr. Wynham's unacknowledged dread had become a terrible certainty.

The woman he loved had fallen.

There was no hope—none.

He had no thought of vengeance on Satterly.

He knew that she had led the way, and the man, nothing loth, had followed.

Mrs. Wynham, "are you ill, or have you seen a ghost?" questioned Satterly, as her rosy lips paled, and she shrank from him.

"Neither; but I fancied I saw my husband standing by the window."

"Impossible! He will know you cannot get home to night. He will trust you with me."

Satterly placed his glass on the table, and came to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

A sneer such as no man had ever dared to imply to her rang in his voice.

It was the first warning of the inevitable issue of her conduct.

She sprang to her feet.

"There is no question of my husband's trust in me. Will you oblige me by trying to find out if he really is here?"

Without a word Ned Satterly left the room to look for Mrs. Wynham's husband.

Conviction comes suddenly to a woman.

By a glance, by a touch, Mrs. Wynham learned that she had disgraced herself and her husband for ever.

Satterly came back.

She had been mistaken, her husband was not in the house.

The storm was as bad as ever.

She could not go home.

If she would come to the theatre as before arranged, it was about time.

She was sitting in a low chair. She looked up and said—

"Perhaps I am nervous at being away from him. We have never been separated twenty-four hours since we were married."

"I should hardly have supposed you such a devoted pair," he said. "Do you feel the separation so keenly to night?"

Before she could move he had stooped and flung his arm round her neck.

She pushed him from her.

"Ned! Ned! spare me! save me!"

She fell on her knees before him, and her agony and shame were written in her face.

He looked at her a moment.

She had thrown herself on the protection of his honor; she had appealed to him for mercy; dare he wrong her farther?

All that was good and strong and manly in him answered—

"Get up, Edith, get up; the blame is all mine. Forgive me. I would give my life to undo the cowardly wrong I have done you."

He lifted her up.

"To morrow I will tell him all. You are very good to me, Ned. I will go to the theatre with you."

There was a convulsive sob in her voice.

"Not if it pains you."

"I will go; I will meet you in the parlor."

As she crossed the vestibule, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Where are you going?"

She turned and faced her husband.

Her first impulse was to throw her arms about his neck and beg his forgiveness; but his voice had a cold hard sound.

She was not humbled yet. All her pride and defiance rose up.

"I am going to the theatre with Mr. Satterly. Have you any objections?"

He bent his head close to her ear.

"I have come to save you. If you go to the theatre with Mr. Satterly, I disown you as my wife!"

"That is as you please. I go to the theatre with Mr. Satterly."

"You have chosen."

He turned from her.

She went swiftly up the stairs.

In a few minutes Ned Satterly and Mrs. Wynham sat together in the theatre. He did not know of her meeting with her husband.

The rain had ceased, but occasionally a roar of thunder was heard, and a flash of lightning illumined the hall.

Suddenly, after a cessation of about ten minutes, there came a deafening peal of thunder, a crashing asunder of walls, and a terrible cry:

"The house is struck! Fire! fire!"

In a moment the seats were empty.

Mrs. Wynham started up. Ned Satterly tried to hold her back. She wrenched herself free, crying:

"Let me go! I must see him! He must forgive me!"

Ned Satterly knew that if he sat still the chances of life were in his favor, for the lightning had struck the other side; and the wall, though cracked, was not likely to fall soon.

But the hour had come to prove his truth. His place was beside her.

He followed her, pushing his way as a strong man can. He caught her in his arms, whispering:

"Cling close, for his sake!"

He pushed his way through, regardless of all obstacles.

He gained the outer passage—he was half way down stairs.

There was a swaying of the crowd, a pressure against the side railing, and it gave way.

Then Ned Satterly, still clutching his burden, crying:

"I cannot save you, darling!" and fell down into the hall beneath.

He knew that suddenly she suddenly was snatched from him, and then all was still and quiet.

When Ned Satterly awoke he found himself in a large room, with Mr. Wynham bending over him.

He knew that death was near—was staring him in the face.

"Is she safe, Wynham?"

"Safe, Satterly. I had only time to take her from your arms when the crash came," said Mr. Wynham with something like a tear standing in his eye.

Satterly stretched out his arms, and drew Mr Wynham to him.

He spoke with great effort.

"Take care of her, Wynham. She was true to you. The wrong and the blame are mine. Ask her to forgive me. Tell her that I count my life lightly, for it saved hers."

He was dead.

He had given his life for a woman who was not worth; he had died with no thought of reproach to her, with a prayer for forgiveness from her upon his lips.

If there is atonement for sin, surely he had made it.

If there is pardon for sin, surely he had found it.

Mr Wynham sank down by the sofa, with bowed head.

A white-robed figure, with haggard face and great black staring eyes, entered the room.

She looked at the man lying dead, in the pride and glorious strength of his manhood, at the fair face still and peaceful.

She knelt beside her husband, not daring to touch the dead man who had made himself a sacrifice for her, stricken and confused by the sin on her soul, by the terrible price paid for her folly.

Truths which we hear will less affect us than those which we see.

THE DAY TO THE NIGHT.

BY ALICE THOMPSON NEVELL.

From dawn to dusk, and from dusk to dawn,
We two are sundered always, sweet,
A few stars shake o'er the rocky lawn
And the cold sea-shore when we meet—
The twilight comes with shadowy feet.

We are not day and night, my fair,
But one. It is an hour of hours;
And thoughts that are not otherwhere
Are thought here, 'mid the blown sea-flowers—
This meeting, and this dusk of ours.

Delight has taken Pain to her heart,
And there is dusk and stars for these.
Oh linger, linger! They would not part;
And the wild wind comes from over seas
With a new song to the olive trees.

And when we meet by the sounding pine,
Sleep draws near to his dreamless brother;
And when thy sweet eyes answer mine,
Peace nestles close to her mournful mother,
And Hope and Weariness kiss each other.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

As we previously observed Mrs. Lynx was a dutiful and submissive wife, except on those rare occasions when her jealously was aroused. Then few persons dared to oppose her; and most certainly her husband was not of the number.

The detective was seated in his room at Hacklecourt, and expecting a visit from the Right Hon. Edward Berrington, whose arrival in England a note had made him acquainted with, when, to his consternation and surprise, his better half made her appearance. It was not excitement that he read in her countenance, but rage—wild, furious, ungovernable passion.

"Matilda!" he exclaimed severely.

"Wretch!"

"What brings you here."

"Monster!"

Mr. Lynx made one more effort to maintain his authority.

"Are you mad?" he asked.

"Where is the baby?" screamed the infuriated woman. "I am your true and lawful wife; and I've got my marriage lines. Flesh and blood can't stand it. I musn't come to your office, musn't I; but I will come. I am come; and I'll come whenever I please, and smash—smash——"

The speaker had already commenced a practical illustration of her threats, when the door opened, and the Hon. Edward Berrington walked into the room.

"What is the meaning of this scene?" he demanded. "And who is this female?"

"That female, I am sorry to say, my lord, is my wife." The detective knew the effect the word "lord" would have. "Someone has informed her that *your infant son* and his nurse are residing here, and——"

"She is jealous!"

"Sorry to say she is, my lord."

"Send her away," said his visitor, "or I shall have to seek another agent."

The dim consciousness of having made a fool of herself crept over the obfuscated brain of the virago, as her fury and suspicions slowly disappeared.

"Don't be angry Paul dear," she commenced in a whining tone. "If it's bizz'ness I am quite satisfied. All your own fault. Men never should have secrets from their wives; they are sure to find them out. Good morning, my lord."

"Stay!" exclaimed the unhappy man.

"Yes, my lord, with much pleasure, my lord."

And Mrs. Lynx rescated herself.

"Will you undertake the care of this child for a year or two? You shall be liberally paid for your trouble," he added, seeing that she hesitated.

The hesitation lasted only till her husband nodded permission.

"Of course I will, your lordship," she replied; "and be a mother to it. Never had one of my own—been married these ten years and got my lines to prove it. You need not look so angry, Paul, I ain't agoin' to enter into domestic matters now. How long has the little darlin' been at Hackle court?"

"Two months, Lynx, has it not?"

The lady darted an indignant look at her husband. If a secret of that importance could be kept from her two months, the question naturally presented itself. "How many similar ones had never been revealed?" and her suspicions of the private enquiry office wonderfully increased.

"No, Matilda, no. Nothing of the kind, I assure you. On my honor," added the detective, assuming a look of injured innocence.

"I hope not, Paul; but I cannot help a wife's misgivin's."

Great was the astonishment of her neighbors when Mrs. Lynx returned home with her infant charge. Some asked if she had found it; others if she had bought it, facetiously asking, how much the pound?

Vulgar minds delight in mystery; it is a passion they can only be equalled by their credulity—and that is insatiable. This was fed by the vague magnificent hints thrown out, in the strictest confidence, of course, by the wife of the detective, who solemnly warned them not to be surprised if her nurseling turned out to be somebody. She would not exactly say a prince, but strange things had happened. Neither would she tell the name of his father. She was bound to secrecy. She might have added by her ignorance of it, and her husband's obstinacy in refusing to tell it.

Paul would be knighted at the very least, and that would make her a lady.

Mr. Lynx smiled when he heard all this; but as it amused his wife and diverted enquirers from the real channel, he wisely permitted the gossip to run its course.

From the little house in Hacklecourt, Mr. Berrington proceeded to the offices of Mr. Quarl in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was shown into that gentleman's private room.

"The name, I presume," he observed, when he saw the lawyer carefully examining his card, "is not a stranger to you."

The old gentleman admitted that it was not.

"On the death of my late father-in-law, his papers, I find, in my absence were forwarded to you."

"Nothing can be more correct than your information on the subject."

"Your client——"

"You are laboring under a mistake," interrupted Mr. Quarl. "Alwyn Bouchier was not my client. The mistake is a natural one; proceed, sir."

His visitor appeared surprised.

"You were his friend, perhaps?"

"I never even saw him."

"The mistake is more inexplicable then. The papers must have been transmitted to you in error. I have come to claim them."

"In what character? His executor."

"Mr. Bouchier left no will, but, as the husband of his only child, my right, I conceive is indisputable."

"There are very few things indisputable in a legal sense, Mr. Berrington," observed the lawyer, with one of his queer smiles, "as you would have discovered had you studied law instead of diplomacy."

"I do not comprehend you."

Mr. Quarl unlocked the iron safe and drew from one of the compartments a letter which he deliberately opened and laid upon the desk.

"Why your father-in-law selected me as the depository of a trust, more or less important, is irrelevant to the question," he observed. "I have accepted it and will read you his instructions." "You will never give up my papers to anyone except my daughter, and only to her personally; any written authority or application must not be complied with."

"Strange!"

"Possibly he had his reasons."

"I cannot understand them. Can you?"

"I can only suggest them," answered the lawyer. "When, on the marriage of his daughter, the late Alwyn Bouchier conveyed to you the estate of Wraycourt, there was a condition annexed that it should descend to your issue by the lady, or; failing such issue, on your death becomes her absolute property. He was a prudent man, and caused the deeds to be executed in duplicate for fear of accidents."

"Accident!"

"You might neglect to make provision for her. Mrs. Berrington has no settlement. Deeds have been lost."

"Mine are at my bankers," observed his visitor haughtily.

"Your brother, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Excellent firm—undoubted respectability—"trust them with any amount of money," observed Mr. Quarl.

"Am I to understand that your refusal is final?"

"Most final and positive," was the cool, determined answer.

"In that case I must consult my solicitors."

"Happy to communicate with them," replied the lawyer. "Fleet and Hora—know them well; thorough men of business. Good morning, Mr. Berrington."

"Don't like this anxiety to obtain them," muttered the old man after his visitor had departed. "and yet he bears an honorable name. Bouchier may have been deceived in him. Strange," he added musingly, "that he should have selected me for this important confidence—the man whose dream of life had blighted—whose heart—pooh! what a fool I am—heart, indeed! I shall be prating of love fancies next. Pity there is not a looking-glass in the room that I might see my gray hairs and iron visage—how its wrinkles would laugh at me. Well! well; the trust is a sacred one. She is *her* child, and I must watch over her."

Contrary to his usual practice the old lawyer had been so candid in his explanations with Mr. Berrington as he might have been. In the event of the long sought for certificate of the remote cousin's death being found, the abeyance of the peerage would terminate, and Clara became not only Lady Estcott in her own right but mistress of Wraycourt, it being annexed to the title.

Had Miss Gurtha Bouchier succeeded it would have been hers. And this was one of the reasons why Alwyn Bouchier had to pay such exorbitant interest upon the mortgages. The contingency was taken into account.

It was not to be wondered at, considering the Hon. Edward Berrington knew all this, that he should have felt so anxious to obtain his father-in-law's papers.

Finding that his solicitors gave him no hope of success in any legal attempt to make Mr. Quarl give them up, he returned to Stuttgart more embittered than ever against his wife, whose health—that is to say, physical health, by which the body lives—he found greatly improved on his arrival.

But the mental health was gone.

Having no further excuse for remaining in Stuttgart—not even the doctors, so tenaciously fond of their rich English patient, could suggest one—Mr. Berrington seriously commenced preparations for his departure. Clara asked no questions, not doubting but England was to be their destination.

They had been travelling several days, and at the close of an early spring day entered the old ducal town of Schwineberg. Our readers need not look for it upon the map. It is one of those petty German courts at which England, for reasons far too profound for any but a minister for foreign affairs to fathom, keeps up the farce of a resident minister.

On reaching the city Clara was surprised to see the shabby hungry-looking guard turn out and present arms, as the carriage rolled past the post.

Her astonishment was greater when it drew up at a gloomy looking but extensive mansion in the Grande Place. Servants in her husband's livery appeared to assist them, and the travellers passed through a line of them drawn up between the hall and great staircase.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"My brother," replied her sister-in-law, "has re-entered the diplomatic service, and has been appointed minister plenipotentiary to his ducal grand highness of Hesse-Schwineberg."

"Mad!" repeated Mrs. Berrington to herself.

It was extraordinary how tenaciously she clung to the terrible idea.

CHAPTER XIX.

HESSE SCHWINEBERG is one of those pocket principalities which look so pretty upon the map, and remind the traveler of a doll's house in which everything has been modeled upon an infinitesimal scale.

The reigning sovereign, Ernest XVI., had his ministers, chamberlains, generals, oberrath counsellors, counselors ordinary and extraordinary, to assist him with their individual and collective wisdom in governing a country not quite so large as Lancashire, and far less densely populated.

In the Diet his grand ducal highness exercised half a voice, but only in conjunction with his brother potentate of Lifestadt which practically reduced it to a mere squeak. His contingent to the federal force in time of war amounted to fifty foot soldiers and twenty five dragoons.

Fortunately the prince was not frequently called upon to submit to this serious diminution of his army, which, when it did occur, painfully compromised his dignity by leaving him without fitting escort when traveling from his capital to the Alteschloss, the palace, hunting seat, fortress, and state prison of his dominion.

Although far from brilliant, the little court of Schwineberg was a very solemn affair; etiquette reigned supreme. If the unities were occasionally neglected, the proprieties were rigidly observed. The Grafine Van Schlammermacher, who governed everybody, was invariably spoken of as the grand duke's adopted sister. They have pretty names for very unpleasant thing in Germany, and "adopted sister" is one of them. The clever wearer of it in Schwineberg selected her adopted brother's wife, regulated her household, directed the education of her children, managed the court theatre, nominated the ministers and professors of the university, where a dozen smoke dried individuals went through the serious farce of delivering lectures, rarely attended, and conferring degrees, as old Trapbois in the "Fortunes of Nigel" says, "for a consideration," the amount of which was as well-known as the tariff at the custom-house. Twelve pounds seven shillings and twopence for a doctor in philosophy; in medicine it cost a trifle more, in divinity might be purchased for exactly what it was worth—dog-cheap.

Why England should maintain a resident minister at the court of Schwineberg, is one of those mysteries which the diplomatic mind alone can unravel. Perhaps he was sent to counterbalance some fancied influence of the Czar in the Diet, or because a princess of the reigning blood had condescended to become the wife of one of the Georges. An awful *mesalliance* when it is recollected that the queen of the first king of the ilk was the daughter of a Duke of Brunswick by a left-handed marriage with a French countess, who had fled from her native country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Her husband loved her, and by repeated concessions obtained from the Elector of Hanover, the head of his family, the recognition of his wife as Duchess of Brunswick, and the hand of the crown prince, afterwards George I., for their only child the unhappy Sophia Dorothea whose days were ended in a prison, whilst her tyrant and his mistress revelled in the palace of St. James's. There had been no divorce, merely a separation brought about by the intrigues of the infamous Countess Platen, the adopted sister of the aged Elector out of revenge for the virtuous firmness of the princess in repelling all advances to intimacy. The ancestress of a long line of diplomats did not hesitate at murder to carry out her designs.

The bones of Count Konigsmark still rest, we believe, in their unhallowed grave in the palace.

The succession of the House of Hanover to the throne of England was a fearful price to pay for civil and religious liberties, which were written in the noblest blood of the country; the seal was of mud, the coarsest, filthiest mud, which time hardened into clay.

An impress of virgin gold has since replaced it; and Englishmen may now point to the living seal of the great charter of the Constitution with a pride that finds an echo in every heart a love which makes the name of Victoria a hallowed symbol in every household of the land.

The reputation of the new minister to the court of Schwineburg, and his great personal wealth, which rumor did not fail to exaggerate, created a sensation in the little capital, and his reception became an affair of the first importance.

His grand ducal highness inspected the uniforms of his troop of cavalry, and commanded them to be thoroughly repaired. The Countess of Schlammermacher saw to the condition of the state liveries; the throne room was carefully swept, the windows cleaned, and the curtains sent to be scoured, and, when everything was in readiness to impress his excellency with the grandeur and mightiness of the state to which he was accredited, the day of audience appointed.

Three court carriages, with a hackney-coach-like air of former respectability about them, conveyed the Right Hon. Edward Berrington and his suite to the palace. The guard presented arms, first in the court-yard, then ran round to perform a similar duty on the grand staircase and ante chamber. Everything passed off admirably; Ernest XVI condescendingly assured the representative of England of his desire to remain on terms of peace and friendship with his sovereign, and his audience was at an end.

The Schwinesbergers believe that when the intelligence was received in London, the funds rose in consequence. We have not taken the trouble to verify the fact, lest we should be placed in the unpleasant necessity of undeceiving them.

For more than a week little else was talked of but the magnificence of the prince, and the splendid reception of the English minister, which possibly might have formed the theme of conversation to the present day, but for an incident that electrified both court and city, caused chamberlains and ladies of honor to whisper mysteriously in the gloomy corridors of the palace, ministers to tremble for their portfolios, citizens to raise their hands in astonishment, and their wives to predict that something dreadful must be about to occur.

When sufficiently recovered from her illness, Mrs. Berrington had her audience of the grand duchess, when the state pageant, and the race of the guards to perform double duty, were repeated. Everything passed off admirably till the conclusion of the ceremony, when her highness terminated by observing to her visitor that she would detain her no longer, as the Grafine Von Schlammermacher was waiting doubtless to receive her.

"Whom did your highness condescend to name?"

"The Grafine Von Schlammermacher."

"I do not know the lady," replied Clara, with a blush of offended modesty, "and have not the remotest intention of paying my respects to her."

There was something ludicrous in the surprise and consternation depicted on the countenances of all who heard her.

The princess herself appeared greatly embarrassed.

"Perhaps you are not aware," she faltered. "She is the grand duke's adopted sister."

"I am perfectly informed, madame, of her position."

"A most excellent woman."

Mrs. Berrington curtsied profoundly.

"She will be so angry."

The Englishwoman regarded her with a look of pity.

"Do see her," added her highness nervously. "I am sure you will like her; everyone likes her at Schwineberg. Why do you not answer me?"

"Respect keeps me silent, madame," replied her visitor, as with a curtsey more profound than the first, she retired from the ducal presence.

"It is not my fault!" exclaimed the duchess, turning eagerly to her attendants, as if

as if to solicit their testimony in her favor. "Most extraordinary conduct!—unheard of!—but the English are so eccentric!"

"Very," echoed the chamberlain sententiously.

"So under-bred!" said the ladies-in-waiting.

"So ignorant of court usages!" chimed in the gentleman-usher, who, according to etiquette, expressed his opinion last.

"What will the grand duke say?" added their mistress nervously.

The far more important question of "What will the Grafine von Schlammermacher say?" rose to every tongue; but a feeling of respect due to the weak, humble, submissive wife of their sovereign restrained them from uttering it. When the extraordinary conduct of the wife of the English minister was generally known, it was confidently predicted her husband would receive his passport. Some went so far as to assert that war would be declared between the two countries.

Fortunately, milder sentiments prevailed in the councils of his highness, and the peace of Europe was not disturbed. It was given out that the offender was mad; and as her refusal to be presented to "the adopted sister" appeared inexplicable to the worthy Schwinebergers on any other supposition, the report was generally believed. The wrath of the Grafine was eventually appeased by her appearing in the state box of the Court Theatre, seated between the ducal highness, and the gift of a diamond necklace.

After that, who that cared for his place dared suspect her virtue.

Elizabeth Berrington smiled when she heard of the affair, and to confirm the impression of her sister-in-law's insanity, paid marked attention at the first court ball to the all powerful mistress, who pronounced her a most amiable person.

"Charming," said the grand duchess.

Her husband smiled approval.

In the deep retirement to which the recent death of her father and domestic sorrows had plunged her, the unhappy Clara neither heard nor cared for the petty intrigues around her. Her conduct had been prompted by principal and self respect, and she thought no more upon the subject.

Little did she imagine it had excited the implacable enmity of one who never forgave, and who only waited an occasion to make her vengeance sure.

The Berringtons had been established rather more than a year at Schwineberg, when the limited circle of English residents, whom poverty, choice or the usual excuse of educating their children had exiled from home, received an important addition in the person of the Earl of Rialp, a widower of large fortune with an only son, a charming little fellow about eight years of age, the Viscount Alton.

As his lordship was still a young man, scarcely over thirty, and had ever so many thousands a year, his arrival created no slight sensation among his fair countrywomen. It was extraordinary the vast amount of sympathy his lonely position excited. There was a sorrow to console, a sacred duty to a dear motherless child to undertake, and everyone knows the beautiful, the gushing devotion with which unmarried British females are ever ready to sacrifice themselves in such a distressing case.

None but a monster could suppose the prospect of a settlement, and a coronet, had any influence with them.

Milliners and dressmakers felt the advantage of the disinterested struggle that ensued. The Ogilvie girls were so zealous, they quarrelled with their dearest friends the Hastings for giving a picnic to which they were not invited. It was an unfair advantage, considering how very intimate they had been; and to mark their sense of such treachery, the included fair ones gave a ball, the expense of which we shrewdly suspect crippled their means for the next six months.

It was a great success. The Ogilvies were not to be outdone.

It was impossible to guess to what ruinous lengths the contest might have been carried but for the arrival of the Charltons—father, daughter, and son—who brought their own carriage and servants with them, took one of the best houses in the place, and commenced their campaign with a splendour with threw the Hastings picnic and the Ogilvie ball completely into the shade.

Rivalry appeared impossible against such overwhelming odds, and the Charltons remained master or rather mistress of the field.

Although the Ogilvies and the Hastings no longer visited, they met occasionally at the quiet tea-parties of Mrs. Ward, the wife of the British chaplain; her drawing room was their neutral ground. She was a good natured little woman, pretty but insipid, like most clergymen's wives, with a slight weakness for gossip, not scandal—to do her justice her conversation never degenerated into that, although probably it might have done but for the strong heart and head of her husband, who had been a fellow of his college, but who married, as very learned men frequently do—a face.

What still more strange, he never appeared conscious of the mental deficiencies of the woman he had selected to be the partner of his life. Possibly it had been his misfortune to meet with intellect only in the abstract. If so, his indifference to it is easily accounted for.

Hard brilliancy rarely attracts.

"Another ball on Thursday week at the Charlton's," observed Mrs. Ward with a sigh, at one of her usual reunions. "It is really too bad of them."

"Are you not invited?" inquired the eldest Miss Ogilvie.

"Of course I am," replied the lady, "and that is what I complain of. I have been to three there already in my pear colored silk dress, and don't know what to wear."

"It cannot last much longer," said Maud Hastings thoughtfully.

"It ought," replied the chaplain's wife, for I had it new last spring."

Her visitor explained that she alluded to the extravagance of the Charltons, and not to the dress.

"Be under no uneasiness on that account," replied the Rev. William Ward, for the first time joining in their conversation. "They are rich."

Miss Winton, a very poor but well known maiden-lady, remarked that she should have judged otherwise from the positively indelicate manner in which the daughter threw herself in the way of his lordship. The poor man was absolutely persecuted by her attentions.

The Ogilvie and the Hastings factions decidedly agreed with her.

"The colonel," continued their host, "inherited a large fortune from his brother, who died in India. The son distinguished himself at Oxford."

"And Miss Charlton?"

"I know nothing of the lady," said the chaplain, "except that she is very, very handsome and clever."

"Handsome! with such eyes!"

"Such boldness of expression!"

"So free in her manners."

"Charity, ladies, charity," exclaimed Mr. Ward, with one of his quiet smiles. "You forget how many years you have been shut from society in this retired nook. The world may have changed."

His wife saw the ill-effect his observation produced upon their visitors, and hastened to introduce a subject more interesting to herself. The pearl colored silk dress.

"Do you think if it were turned and retrimmed it would be recognised?" she asked.

So momentous a question was not to be lightly answered; a solemn consultation ensued. After many pros and cons it was decided that it would.

Mrs. Ward glanced at her husband, but the reverend gentleman made no sign. He was once more absorbed in his book.

"Did you hear that, William?"

"Hear what, my dear?"

"That I cannot wear my pearl-colored silk at the Charlton's ball on Thursday week."

"Wear black, then."

"Black!" repeated his wife, satisfied that this time she had reason on her side. "No, Mr. Ward, it has not come to that yet. I would rather be taken with a sore throat or the scarlet fever, and send an excuse, than so disgrace myself."

"Fevers and sore throats are serious things," observed the chaplain. "But how disgrace yourself?"

"Black!—black at a ball."

A look of virtuous reprobation from her visitors gave additional force to what our female readers will doubtless consider a piece of unanswerable reasoning.

"Oh—ah, indeed!" ejaculated the husband. "Why not wear your new one?"

"New one, Mr. Ward."

"Yes; the dress I brought you from England three months ago. The one my mother sent you."

"Oh, William, William," exclaimed the lady, looking greatly shocked. "I never knew you guilty of telling a fib before."

The gentleman appeared considerably puzzled, passed his fingers several times through his hair as if to assist his recollection, then rang the bell and requested the servant to bring a certain carpet bag into the drawing room.

"The one your mistress promised to unpack," he added, "on my return home."

When the domestic returned with it the reverend gentleman placed it carefully upon the table.

"I think you have the key, my dear," he observed. "Thank you—yes, that is the right one."

Mrs. Ward began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable—not from any fear of her husband's anger, he was far too philosophical even to lose his temper with her, but from a sense of the ridiculous position she had placed herself in. Three months had the carpet-bag been waiting to be unpacked! It really was too bad!

First appeared several pairs of boots, next a dress-coat, sundry shirts, followed by half-a-dozen cravats terribly crumpled, then—but we will not name the articles of male attire, which under any other circumstances would have elicited numerous pretty ejaculations from the ladies, and cries of Oh, fie!—at last a brownpaper parcel carefully tied. It was pounced upon in a instant, and opened.

"Beautiful," said Mrs. Ward, as a rich glace silk, a pale apple-green, met her delighted gaze.

The Ogilvies pronounced it a love of a color, but the eldest Miss Hastings suggested a doubt whether it was quite suited to the lady's complexion.

"Oh, William, how could you."

"How could I what, my dear?" replied her husband, touching her cheek with his finger, as if he had been speaking to a spoilt child.

His wife felt annoyed, not at the action, but the tone of his words, which implied such an utter absence of respect, not for her as a woman, but of her intellect as a companionable and responsible being.

"I am not an infant, Mr. Ward," she observed.

"No, my dear."

"And don't like being treated as one."

"Everyone says you consider me as a child."

"And who is everyone?"

"The Ogilvies, the Hastings, Miss Winton. You never blame anything I say or do."

"And are you offended at that?"

"No. Oh, no."

"Besides, why should I blame you?"

"I am sure I don't know, William."

The silliness of the reply dissipated the momentary feeling of astonishment, and her husband quietly resumed his book once more.

At the English chapel on the following Sunday there was considerable addition to the congregation in the persons of Madame Von Pishart, *nee* Creech, whose publication in defence of the rights of her sex had ended in the loss of several thousand pounds and her marriage with the editor; her cousin Lucy Beacham, the gaunt waiting-maid Hannah, and a stout buttons who carried the prayer books of the party.

Madame Von Pishart had determined to travel, and having secured her fortune to her own particular use as fast as parchment and wax could bind it, the Herr, who would fain have enjoyed him *otium cum dignitate* in England, was to comply. In fact, she had scarcely consulted him upon the subject.

By the end of the second lesson the Miss Ogilvie had not only decided that the lady in gold spectacles was vulgar, but whispered their conclusion to Miss Winton, who imparted it to the Hastings.

"Decidedly," said the eldest sister, as she started in a thin soprano voice the hymn for the day.

Great was the astonishment when at the conclusion of the service, Mrs. Berrington, whose pride was supposed to be second only to that of a personage but very rarely named, accosted Lucy as she passed from her seat.

"I am sure I have seen that sweet face before," she observed, "although I cannot recollect where."

"At Wraycourt Church," replied the fair girl, blushing with pleasure at the recognition. "I am the daughter of Mr. Beacham, and travelling with my cousin Madame Pishart."

"Von Pishart," said her relative with dignity. "*Nee* Creech."

Mrs. Berrington bowed.

"And this is my husband," added the speaker, dragging the Herr forward. "We have quitted England, where first principles are so little understood, to seek the light of truth and philosophy in Vaterland. I intend on my return to publish a book, ethical, statistical, and artistic, to show the world what women are capable of."

Lord Rialp, who had joined the group, appeared greatly amused.

"It will create a sensation," he observed.

"I trust it will do more: provoke discussion, enlighten my oppressed and downtrodden sex to their rights and true mission in the world," said the lady.

"And have you a mission?" enquired Eleanor Charlton, in a soft treacherous voice, at the same time raising her glass and taking a deliberate survey of Lucy, who felt the ridicule of her position.

"Not that I am aware of," she answered with a smile. "I am a simple country girl, the daughter of a poor gentleman, and indebted to my kind cousin for a home and a protector."

All who heard approved the quiet dignity of the reply.

"I recollect you perfectly," said Mrs. Berrington, "and shall be delighted to see you at the embassy."

Lucy regarded her relative as if to consult her wishes.

"Certainly, child, certainly!"

"Madame Pishart probably will do me the pleasure of accompanying you."

The invitation was graciously accepted, and it was henceforth understood in Schwineberg that the new comers were visitable persons.

"What an odd creature," exclaimed Eleanor Charlton, as the strangers withdrew.

"The girl is pretty," said her brother Alfred.

"And very unassuming," added his lordship. "Have you known her long?"

The question was addressed to Mrs. Berrington; he had not witnessed the first meeting.

"I have frequently seen her," replied Mrs. Berrington. "Her sweet innocent face first struck me in the village church at Wraycourt. Her father I believe is poor, but he has always been considered a gentleman."

"What name did she say?" enquired Eleanor Charlton.

"Beacham."

"It is a very good one," remarked the peer, who seemed rather interested, "and the girl is exceedingly pretty. A thousand pities she should be associated with such odd people."

The speakers shook hands and separated.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE of those clever persons who never act without a motive, was Miss Charlton, and our readers we expect have already divined the one which brought her to Schwineberg: a determination to become Countess of Rialp. The acquaintance had first commenced at Munich, been strengthened during a tour in the Tyrol, and a winter in Vienna had raised the lady's hopes to the highest pitch; still, somehow or other, the gentleman fought shy of a declaration. The world, generally exceedingly liberal in what is not it's own, had long since given him her, but his lordship appeared in no hurry to confirm the gift. It was even surmised that he had retreated to the out-of-the-way little capital of the grand ducal dominions to avoid further compromising himself.

If so the move proved a useless one, the lady followed him; generalship being her forte, she was not to be outflanked. When the journey was first suggested by her, the poohpoohed the idea, her brother laughed and predicted failure; both, however, submitted, much as they disliked the change. It was a strong mind controlling two weak ones. The contest proved unequal.

A few weeks had satisfied Elea no Charlton that it was not at Schwineberg that she would be likely to meet a rival. The Ogilvie girls were *passees*, the Hastings prim and unfashionable. She had the field to herself till Lucy arrived, and she regarded her as a mere child; pretty—she was forced to admit that—but simple, unformed, no accomplishments. It would be absurd not to invite her to her ball, so excellent a foil to her own brilliant attractions.

"Beware," said her brother Alfred, when the point was discussed; "these quiet, retired, simple girls are the most dangerous."

"Absurd!"

"Trust to my experience."

"O! the absurd daughters of Oxford dons Parisian grisettes, milliners, and German peasant girls," interrupted his sister with a look of contempt. "Lord Rialp has seen the world."

"And is beginning to get tired of it," replied the young man.

"Alfred may be right," observed her father warningly. "Great contrasts sometimes take."

It would have been too humiliating for Eleanor Charlton, who had been the belle in London, Paris, and Vienna, and half the Spas in Europe, to admit the possibility of any such rivalry. So the visit of ceremony was paid and the invitation sent.

Lucy would fain have declined it, she had never been at a ball and felt terrified, but Madame Von Pishart, whose philosophy after all we suspect was only skin deep, insisted upon her going.

In addition to the pleasure of acting the part of chaperone to her young relative, whose attractions she felt proud of, it afforded the newly married lady an opportunity of appearing in her bridal paraphernalia—orange flower wreath and Brussels lace.

"What is the use of having such things," she observed to her confidante Hannah, "if they were to be worn only once."

The grim old waiting-maid smiled.

The ball proved a great success. His lordship, as if to confirm the judgement of the ambitious Eleanor, scarcely noticed Lucy; all his attentions were devoted to herself. He danced with her seven times, to the desperate annoyance of the Ogilvie and Hastings factions who began to feel how unwise they had been to quarrel, although neither would make the first advance to a reconciliation as yet.

The peer once again solicited the hand of Miss Charlton.

"For the cotillon," replied the haughty beauty, regarding her card. "Excuse me, my lord, I detest cotillon. Don't look so serious, and I will recommend you a partner."

"Indeed! Whom."

"The pale-looking girl you admired at the church," answered the young lady laughingly. "Miss Beacham."

"She certainly is pretty."

"And sentimental."

"Do you really wish me to dance with her?"

"Of course I do," answered Eleanor, bending on him her magnificent large dark eyes. "Had I power I should command you to do so."

The peer turned and walked silently away.

"Case," whispered Alfred Charlton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DREAM.

BY T. FERGUSON.

My dream is of a flow'r-like face
Among the roses far away;
My dream is of a sun'lit space
Down-sloping to a little bay
Where shining waters meet the land
And murmur on the golden sand.

My dream is of a woman's heart,
However tried, for ever true,
That hath no guile, and knows no art—
My dream, my darling, is of you,
And all I left behind me, dear,
And have not seen for many a year!

But, ah, my dream is sweeter yet,
Of toil o'erpast and dangers done,
Of prosp'rous winds and white sails set,
And home and you, my darling, won!
And weary leagues of land and sea
Can never keep my dream from me!

For Her Sake.

BY AMY RENSHILL.

THE secret came to light oddly enough; but I must tell the story in my own way.

Until reaching the age of eighteen, Kathleen Erle led a singularly solitary life.

She had no brothers or sisters; her father was dead, and her mother, the only near relative she had living, seemed almost like a stranger to the girl, they saw each other so rarely.

The only home she had ever known was the boarding-school and the somewhat garnish splendor of first-class hotels.

To be sure she had never wanted for money.

Her quarterly allowance was ample, her wardrobe well supplied.

But every human heart has wants that cannot be satisfied by filthy dross or costly apparel.

"Ah, it is a sad thing to be so desolate," she had said to herself, again and again. "How I could appreciate a happy home and kindred ties."

At last Kathleen had a lover.

Philip West was rich, handsome, educated, and well-connected—there could be no possible objection to the match.

"I shall never be lonely again," she exclaimed, as she clung enraptured to her lover's arm. "Ah, you do not know what it is to feel oneself homeless and friendless in the world."

The young man looked at her a little bewildered.

No, he had grown up in the midst of a happy home circle, and had never experienced the same want.

"You have your mother, Kathleen," he ventured.

A change swept over her pretty face; it took on a half scornful expression.

"Mother!" she repeated. "To my ears the name has but an empty sound. I can speak freely of her now, Philip. My mother is not like any other woman I ever knew. She does not love me. She never did."

"Oh, how can you say that?"

"It is the truth. Did you ever meet my mother?—did any one of my friends, for that matter? No; she chooses to find her enjoyment apart from me. I have not seen her for months. She supplies me with money, and there her oversight ends. Oh, it is terrible to live in this strange way."

"It is very singular, at least," the young man said, looking at her curiously.

For the first time a vague feeling of uneasiness beset him.

Might there not be something in the eccentric conduct of his affianced's mother?

"You must write and tell her of our engagement," he said, after a pause. "Of course that would bring her here at once."

"But I do not even know her address. She seems to spend her time in going from place to place."

Philip started.

"Have you no means of communication with her?" he said.

"I send all letters to the family solicitor, who forwards them to my mother wherever she may be. But sometimes they are weeks in reaching her. The season will be over before she could possibly join us."

Philip felt more and more astonished.

But he would not pain his betrothed by confessing it.

The next day they were sauntering up and down, when a sudden commotion arose in the hotel grounds.

Kathleen dropped her lover's arm and hastened to ascertain the cause.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, pausing before an excited group gathering to the right of the avenue.

"A woman has fainted; that's all," some one answered.

Kathleen's sympathies were enlisted at once.

"Who is she?" she said moving steadily forward.

"Only one of the circus women that pitched their tent on the common, this morning. I can't, for my life, imagine what she wanted here. It is no place for one of that sort."

"Let me see her. I may be able to do something."

The crowd parted; Kathleen found herself at the entrance of a small summer-house.

The woman had rallied somewhat, she was sitting up and looking vacantly around her.

Kathleen took one step forward, then stooped short and grew deadly pale, as though some one had struck her a sudden blow.

"Mother!" she cried, just above her breath.

There came a sharp cry from the woman's lips; she flung out her white hands in a strangely desperate gesture.

"Hush!" she gasped. "For Heaven's sake, be careful what you say and do!"

The warning recalled Kathleen to her senses.

Her head seemed to be swinging round and round, but she managed to put on an outward semblance of composure.

"Stand back and give us air," said she, with an authoritative gesture toward the group gathered about the vine-wreathed door.

Then she looked into the woman's eyes again.

She felt as if she were slowly going mad.

"Is it you, mother?" she whispered. "Oh, is it?"

"Forgive me, Kathleen. I meant to go away again, and never let you know I had been here. I would have done it but for this sudden faintness."

The girl scarcely heard.

She was white and cold.

After a moment's silence she added:

"You are one of the circus woman. They said so. Heavens! why did I live to see this hour?"

A shudder ran through the woman's frame.

Rising, she said, with gentle dignity—

"I know it is hard, Kathleen. Let me go; I will never cross your path again."

She passed with slow, unsteady steps from the place.

There was one smothered moan of anguish—then all was still.

Kathleen stood as if rooted to the spot.

After some minutes had elapsed she roused herself, like one waking out of a dreadful dream.

Her mother had passed quite out of sight.

The mystery that had enshrouded her life was explained at last.

She knew now why she had never had a home or known a mother's care.

A half hour later, Philip West found her sitting pallid and still on one of the rustic benches.

Her changed looks frightened him, but she stopped his eager inquiries with a gesture.

"I have a favor to ask," she said, in a low hoarse voice he had never heard before. "There is a circus on the common. This afternoon I wish to go. Will you take me?"

Philip could only look his amazement.

"Certainly, Kathleen. But——"

"Don't ask my reasons for this strange request," she interrupted. "I will give them afterwards. But I must go—I must! Yield to me now; it may be the last time you will find it necessary."

She scarcely knew how the interval passed.

All was mist before her until at length a corner of the canvas was lifted, and a lady in silver-spangled drapery rode slowly into the ring.

A sudden shout of applause resounded through the tent.

"It is Mademoiselle Celeste, the most renowned bare-back rider in the world," said Philip, reading from the programme he held.

Kathleen held her breath.

Mademoiselle Celeste!

Ah, he little knew!

There was an interval of suspense.

The girl leaned forward involuntarily, watching with a fascinated gaze every movement of her mother.

Round and round the ring flew the handsome Arabian, bearing his beautiful burden.

Paper hoops flew up like magic here and there.

Mademoiselle Celeste's performance was about to begin.

What was it that drew the woman's eyes at that instant to the deathly face of her child?

She was seen to waver all at once—a terrible shriek broke from her lips, and before any one realized what had happened, she lay bruised and bleeding in the dust; her horse was riderless.

All was excitement.

As the men in the ring raised her in their arms and bore her out, Kathleen sprung forward, with an exclamation of grief and horror:

"She is dead!"

Something in her face made the crowd give way.

A moment later she and Philip stood beside an extemporized couch, on which Mademoiselle Celeste lay, her gauzy robes covered with blood.

"Mother! oh, my mother!" she cried, "look up—speak to me! It is Kathleen—your child!"

Slowly the eyes unclosed; a smile parted the pallid lips.

"My darling, I am so glad you are here——"

She stopped short—all at once she seemed to remember.

"Go away!" she wildly uttered; "leave me to suffer alone. Go, or you will be disgraced for ever."

But Kathleen flung herself beside the couch, and wound her arms around the woman's neck.

"Leave you? Never again! Don't ask it."

Tears fell down that pallid face like drops of rain.

"I thought that you would despise me when you knew," she said. "I thought you would turn your back. Oh, I hope God will be good, and let me die. Then you will forgive me for having disgraced you so."

"Die, mother?"

"Yes. What have you and I in common? There is such a wide gulf between your way of living and that to which I am doomed. I meant there should be. I have guarded my secret jealously, even from you."

But here she stopped—broke down in a storm of bitter sobs.

"Mother, tell me why you choose to follow this strange life," said Kathleen, when they had grown calmer.

"It was all I could do," came the plaintive answer. "We were once rich, my child, but I was left a penniless widow, with you to provide for. I could not teach, and I had never learned to work; we must have starved had I tried to sew. But I was always a daring horsewoman; my opportunity came—I was offered a magnificent salary—I could bring you up as a lady, and—I yielded."

She hid her face in her hands a moment—then raised it steadily.

"It has been a terrible life, darling—full of pain and torture."

"Only the thought of you, honored and happy, helped me to endure it. And for your sake I kept myself free from its scenes and allurements."

In all her life the girl's feelings had never been so deeply stirred.

She knew at last what noble self-sacrifice had been going on all these years.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, in a trembling voice, "why did you not tell me this long ago? I am not so selfish as you seem to think. Nothing shall ever part us more."

At first Philip West was shocked and stunned by the revelation.

But when he came to understand what martyrdom this woman had endured for her child's sake, he knelt beside her in honest admiration.

"I am prouder of you than I would be of a queen," he said. "Let me call you mother, too."

Mrs. Earle recovered her injuries; but the world has seen the last of Mademoiselle Celeste.

Two rosy children now call her grandmother; and Philip and Kathleen reverence her enough.

"BULLS."—These "bulls" are not all of Irish origin. It was the mayor of a Portuguese city who once enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified, "a marked impediment in his speech." General Taylor was made ridiculous for a time by the sentence which occurred near the beginning of his message sent to the Thirty-first Congress, as follows:—"We are at peace with all the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity with the rest of mankind." But Buchanan almost matched it in a speech which he made at the South, in which he said—"I do believe, gentlemen, that mankind, as well as the people of the United States, are interested in the preservation of this Union;" and Calhoun, commenting on the clause in the Declaration of Independence, to the effect that all men are created equal, remarked that "Only two men were created, and one of these was a woman!"

Honor among thieves met its reward at a visit of the late Emperor Nicholas to a penitentiary. All the prisoners whom he questioned averred their innocence. Bored by these protestations, the Emperor cast a glance along the line of prisoners until his eye fell upon a ragged, wretched-looking gypsy, whom he beckoned forward with the words, "Of course you, too, are here on a false charge!" "Not a bit of it, your Majesty," replied the prisoner, "it is all fair and square as far as I am concerned. I stole a pony from a tradesman." "Stole a pony, did you?" said the Czar, with a laugh, and then, addressing the governor of the prison with well-assumed sternness: "Turn that good-for nothing rascal instantly out of doors. I cannot allow him to stay a minute longer in such honorable and virtuous company lest he pervert all these good, innocent people!"

Farm and Garden

MEAT FOR POULTRY.—Always cook the meat which you give to poultry. It goes twice as far for food, and is more nourishing. Chop it fine and salt it, as you do for family use. Mix it with scalded wheat or corn meal.

WEED PESTS.—A quick and effectual method to destroy plantain and other weed pests on lawns is to cut the plant off at the crown, and drop on the top of the root two or three drops of kerosene oil. The lawn will not be defaced by digging, and the work is at once and completely done; the root dies as surely as if struck by lightning.

DRAINED LAND.—Snow melts away upon drained lands sooner than on those undrained, hence the drained soils are ready for ploughing much sooner. In Scotland it is claimed that the harvest is from ten to fifteen days earlier on drained than on undrained lands. This is only one out of many advantages resulting from a good system of drainage.

FOR HOUSE-PLANTS.—4 oz. sulphate of ammonia; 2 oz. nitrate of potash; 1 oz. white sugar; 1 pint of hot rain water. Tie lid over the cork. Use one tablespoonful to one gallon of water once a week at first, then twice a week at intervals. Do not wet the foliage. Never use on cuttings or very young plants. Three drops every ten days will hasten blooming if in bud.

FIXING FLOWER COLORS.—This simple solution for fixing the colors of flowers may have interest: Dissolve half a gramme of salicylic acid in 500 grammes of heated alcohol. Through this liquid pass slowly the blossoms to be preserved, and shake off the drippings from them. Dry them carefully on sheets of blotting paper and do not lay them aside until perfectly dry.

THE TOAD.—The toad, which used to be thought a most malignant reptile, is really one of the most useful creatures a gardener can have about him. In the matter of feeding, any thing that creeps or crawls will do for him—wood-lice, beetles, spiders, slugs, worms, even snails with their shells being snapped up by his dexterous tongue and swallowed as if by magic. Kept in a garden or a greenhouse, they will destroy an immense number of injurious insects, while doing absolutely no harm themselves.

FOREST DESTRUCTION.—The destruction of forests in this country is said to have produced the following effects: First, the variations in temperature of heat and cold have become more sudden and intense; second, the summers are more dry and the winters more changeable, with less snow; third, the flow of our larger springs has decreased in volume, while many of the smaller ones have disappeared altogether; consequently wells have to be deepened and water-power replaced during dry seasons with steam; fourth, our rivers and streams are no longer as regular in their flow, but rise higher and more suddenly after heavy rains and become lower in dry seasons; fifth, winds sweep with greater force; that we have fewer local rains during the hot seasons, and more frequent hail storms; sixth, we have no longer the fine fruit-bearing orchards our ancestors had forty years ago.

Scientific and Useful.

LAND AND WATER VELOCIPEDE.—A New Yorker has patented an improved velocipede which is so constructed that it may be run on land and water with equal facility.

AGE OF TREES.—It appears that the rings of trees do not always denote a year, for the blue gum tree of Australia sheds its bark twice a year; a tree recently hewn, that was known to be only eighteen years old, showed thirty-six distinct rings of growth.

HINTS.—To remove paint splashed upon window-panes, use a hot solution of soda and rub with soft flannel. Brass work may be brightened with a little oxalic acid, and dissolved in water and applied with a cloth or brush. For scorching white goods, rub well with linen rags dipped in chlorine water. Colored cottons, remove if possible, or in woolens raise a fresh surface.

WEED YOUR FLOCKS.—Sell, slaughter or give away poor, scrawny animals, and it will stand you in pocket. Keep sheep that yield the heaviest fleeces or the heaviest carcasses; a scrub animal will fleece rather than benefit you. A cow that eats a pound of butter a day eats no more than a beast that yields a pound a week. The best breed of hogs manufacture a maximum number of pounds of meat from a minimum number of bushels of corn.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—Not the least promising application of the new luminous paint is found in the production of a safety lamp for coal mines. It is said to give light enough for practical use, and as it contains no fire or heat, it is evident that its use is absolutely free from risk. By means of this form of lamp, in connection with blasting by compressed air, fire and the attendant danger of exploding gas might be ruled out, and the most dangerous mines be made quite safe.

DETECTING FORGERIES.—It is said that the Bank of France has almost entirely abandoned the chemical tests in favor of the camera for detecting forgeries. The sensitive plate not only proclaims forthwith the doings of the eraser or penknife, but frequently shows, under the bold figures of the forger, the sum originally borne by the check. So ready is the camera to detect inkmarks that the carte-de-visite inclosed in a letter may to the eye appear without blemish, while a copy of it in the camera will probably exhibit traces of writing across the face where it has merely been in contact with the writing page.

CHAFFED HANDS.—When one's hands are chapped, he is always more or less liable to absorb poisonous matter into his system—in the handling, say, of putrid meat, or in the washing of clothes from a sick room, or dressing some foul sore. Where the surface oil is deficient, it is apt to be washed off, especially with warm water, faster than it is secreted. But the difficulty is greatly increased by the alkali (soda or potash) of the soap, which not only takes up the oil, but actually eats through the epidermis. The best help for chapped hands is, having washed them thoroughly before retiring, to rub them over with mutton tallow and wear through the night a pair of easy setting leather gloves. Persons in whom the tendency to chap is not so strong, may keep their hands in condition by an occasional resort to this treatment.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

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A WORK-DAY WORLD.

WORK is the condition of humanity. There is no getting away from it. From the time "when Adam delved and Eve span," to labor in some way or other, with brains or hands, has been the lot of us poor mortals. It is true that some are constantly kicking over the traces, sighing for hours of idleness, and days without employment; but what are coveted periods of leisure when attained?—more wearisome than the laborious days that have preceded them. *Ennui* that fell fiend that thrives on broad spaces of unappropriated time, marks the man of leisure for his victim, if indeed vice, that rank weed of no culture, does not usurp its prerogative Children, whose ideas of life are derived from nursery and fairy tales, usually consider a king the personification of happiness. In after years they learn that the poet was right when he said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

"To work hard and be well paid for it," remarked one of the most eminent men of this century, "is about the happiest lot a man can wish for."

Time is money, and most persons who come unexpectedly into possession of it, use it as the majority of people use money, when they come into possession of a fortune. Who know not how, for nearly forty years, dear Charles Lamb was complaining of the daily drudgery of his clerical duties? How he asserted that the "wood of his desk had entered his soul." Behold him at his place on the clerk's retired list, with an annual allowance of twenty five hundred dollars—a fortune to a man of his frugal habits. Was he happy in his emancipation? Did he enjoy the golden leisure to which he looked forward so long? Let his familiar letters to his friends—let that vivid essay, the "Superannuated Man," answer. He was far happier as a clerk than as a man of leisure, though one would think no man could have employed time better. We are aware that failing health and the loss of friends must be taken in account; but his greatest trouble, after all, was plethora of time.

"What shall I do to kill time?" is the most familiar thought of the man of leisure and means. The retired officer who made his servant wake him up every morning for the luxury of saying, "You rascal, I'm on half-pay, and haven't got to attend parade," might have given a momentary impulse to time by the incident, but the remainder of the day must have dragged heavily with him. We cannot learn too early to love work for the sake of work, to recognize remunerated labor as a blessing, and to pity those only who are overworked and underpaid.

SANCTUM CHAT.

NOTWITHSTANDING England's indebtedness to her mechanics, but one mechanical workingman has ever been honored with a burial in Westminister Abbey, and that was Graham, the clock maker.

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A SWEDE wisely replied to an Englishman, when he asked if it was not costly to take children off the streets and highways and place them in special schools, as is done in that land where illiteracy is almost unknown:—"Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery and crime, to become a scourge to society, as well as a disgrace to themselves."

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THE New York Coffee House Company, have taken an advanced step in the business, and are furnishing for a few days during the cold weather, the car drivers and conductors with free coffee. They have opened coffee places at various points, where reading, conversation, smoking, &c., may be indulged in. Tea prices at these latter places are four cents a cup for coffee, and rolls one cent each. A movement to establish similar saloons has been started in this city.

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THE Jewish population of Jerusalem now numbers about 15 000, which is 5 000 more than in 1873. This is thought by some to be an indication that the Jews are intending to return in a body to the Holy Land. Several prominent rabbis have recently stated their belief that this idea is without foundation. The prevalent opinion among leading scholars of Jewish faith is that their people are accomplishing the divine mission by being scattered throughout all the nations of the earth, and in each nation witnessing for the truth.

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A WRITER who has devoted some attention to the decorators and artisans of Japan, says, that the worker in metals is, without exception, the most artistic; but that all Japanese workmen and artists discard utterly the happy-go-lucky method in their work. They undergo a thorough training in ancient custom and precedent. Hand books with elaborate instructions and progressive lessons are cheap and accessible to the poorest, for circulating libraries abound. From first strokes to the finished drawing, and for each class or style of design there are many elaborately illustrated works of reference.

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IT sometimes seems as though the world had reached the limits of human achievement, but yet each year brings something new and wonderful. The year lately closed has seen the further developments of electricity in the production of light and motive power, and as a substitute for sunshine in the ripening of fruit; swifter methods in telegraphy; the application of the spectroscope to astronomical research; the discovery of the photophone; vigorous explorations in Asia, in the torrid regions of Africa, and the frozen zone of the polar circle, not to speak of the enlarging of our knowledge of meteorology and the manifold mechanical contrivances invented.

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THE frequent recurrence of the fuel famine in places in the West and North-west, call for a solution. Coal cannot be found, and the use of wood will soon exhaust the available supply of that article. Corn is the only substitute, and must be the fuel of the future. For stoves it is superior to any other substance, hard coal alone excepted, and it is cheaper than any thing that is likely to be used for fuel. Two or three acres of corn will afford an ordinary family a year's supply of fuel; and the same corn sold in the market, and the proceeds turned into either wood or coal, will not begin to do it. Of course, this is meant of theirs Northern prairies. Corn may be used in either a wood or a coal stove without any change of grates, and make a steady, hot fire. Two bushel of corn in the ear, it is estimated, will keep a comfortable fire the coldest day in winter. Regarding the squeamishness about burning an article that is used for food one writer says pointedly: "I would sooner have an acre of corn that can be replaced in a single year, than to burn an acre of timber that takes years to replace, even on the score of sentiment." There is common sense in this.

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A BOSTON merchant, in "lending a hand" on board one of his ships on a windy day, found himself at the end of an hour and a half pretty well exhausted and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest, and engaging in conversation time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained two years; and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have in constitutions not so vigorous resulted in inflammation of the lungs—"pneumonia"—ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise or work, or play, or of remaining exposed to the wind, or of sitting at an open window or door, or of pulling off any garments, even the hat or bonnet, while in heat.

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FOOTMEN in London are going out and footwomen are taking their place. Dining the other night in a fashionable locality, the door was opened by the latter in a most charming and becoming livery. Black and white mob cap for headdress; stand-up collar with white cravat and small pin in it, rich brown cloth coat with livery buttons, cut somewhat like a man's hunting coat, and a buff waistcoat with a high church collar—such was the uniform. I was so struck with the upper portion of the dress that I never thought of looking at the extremities, but I fancy my eye once got a glimpse, going upstairs, of red stockings and shoes with silver buckles During dinner four winsome lassies, all similarly attired, waited on me hand and foot, and certainly never was a dinner more deftly handed and served. Why not? Women are, by their nature, much better suited for this sort of work than men. The latter thinks nothing of eating onions or smoking vile tobacco before serving the soup, or putting their thumbs in the gravy of one's mutton, or breathing stentorously at your ear, or perceptibly on your cranium if it lacks a covering. Besides, there is a decided economy; foot women are not taxed, nor do they eat so much.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE indulges in sarcasm on "American Nobility," and our universal habit of applying the word "gentleman" to every one. There is certainly an indiscriminate and often very amusing use of the word in our social intercourse, but it is one way in which the American endeavors to show his politeness. The questions recurs, who is a gentleman? Was Nero and Caligula, the infamous Norbury, George II., who abused his wife and son; or George IV., who reveled in the arms of obese dowagers and was a paragon of profanity—were these fellows gentlemen in any sense? And Pompadour, and Madame Maintenon, and the profane Sarah Jennings, and other women similarily constituted, who occupied high positions in French and English society—were they ladies in any sense? High positions, state and judicial have been filled by men who were worse than the meanest convict in Sing Sing, and high social life has been disgraced by women inferior in morals and decency to the vilest. Yet these creatures figure in history, in biography, in voluminous encyclopedias. Only at such times as our desires are pure, our hearts free from licentiousness, and our aspirations high and noble, can the fine and expressive words "gentleman" and "lady" be correctly applied to human beings. The lexicographers may define the words as they please, but there is no dodging the definition which rises above their own. Thus it is that the mechanic and his wife are lady and gentleman in common with Lord and Lady Brown Jones Jenkinson, who put on the plumage of peacocks to hide the thinnest of organization.

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NERVOUS and superstitious people have undoubtedly been disturbed concerning the prediction that this is to be the last year of the world's history, and even those who do not credit the rumors about the arrival of the judgment day of all mankind pin some of their faith to the promises of certain physical changes announced for 1881. These latter are the only matters that are worthy of any attention among enlightened folks, and while it is not denied that some wonderful movements and processes in the outside universe will occur this year and next it is not at all certain that they will affect our planet in the slightest degree. There will be conjunctions of stars and eclipses, and it is understood that several comets are approaching the earth; but they are still so far away that astronomers believe they will be all broken up long before they near the earth's orbit by millions of miles. One of them is now visible by telescope, and it is believed to have changed its course already. This may take it into the sun, but if it should add its vast body to that great source of heat and light there would follow no change that could be even appreciated on our globe. Beyond these points nothing is positively known, but the general opinion of the astronomers is that there will be no changes in the economies of the universe that will influence our atmosphere out of common, and they expect to proceed with their studies of the wonders of universal space gradually during 1881 as they have done in late years, unfolding the mysteries of the Great Architect as it is given them to comprehend them.

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IF insolence is the vice of the English aristocracy, the Christmas study of small children in big houses is enough to explain why it should be so. The better the station to which babies are borne, the more systematically spoiled do they seem, from the first, to be; and the Christmas festivities of half the feudal mansions of the kingdom resolve themselves into the despotism of a ridiculously petted infancy. Eminent peers, who are shrewd and resolute enough on all other matters, display an infatuated fondness in regard to the children of their house. They wish them to grow up brave, accomplished, beautiful; but they instil into them the idea that the wholesome discipline of the schoolroom is only obligatory on boys and girls of an inferior order. They are about in all places and at all hours, and plunge into any conversation that may be going on They express their opinion about the wine after dinner, or they correct the misconceptions which have been formed by an Under-Secretary of state as to the policy of their distinguished father. Children, if they are sufficiently precocious and pertinacious in their precocity, can make a country house perfectly insufferable. The parental idea is that, if the small boy is brought up in the atmosphere of political gossip and ideas, he may rival the great statesmen. There is almost a mania just now among the present, past, or future Cabinet Ministers to be accompanied on public occasions by the political schoolboy. It reminds one very much of the vogue which obtained extensively a couple of years ago, and which impelled many young ladies never to be seen abroad without a pug or a toy-terrier, or a ridiculously overdressed infant. Tutors and school-masters complain that this organized distraction fatally interferes with their best-meant efforts.

THE DAYS THAT COULD NOT BE.

BY SARAH HUCOCK SHAW.

Deep in the vale, afar from every beholder,
In the May morning my true love came to me,
Silent we sat, her head upon my shoulder,
Fondly we dreamed of days about to be;
Softly we talked of days about to be.

Deep in the vale the rain falls colder and colder,
Safely she sleeps beneath the churchyard tree;
Yet still I feel her hand upon my shoulder—
Still, still I dream of days that could not be,
Still, still I weep for days too sweet to be.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"MY dear Helena," said Lady Margerie, "it is totally unnecessary, and a dangerous attempt. Now that our poor Blanche is gone, of course the affair is so clear. You will be amply provided for, and——"

"You and Isabel also," said the countess, quietly. "But, Margerie, I have reasons to suspect that there was another will made at the time of poor Cecily's marriage that would be unpleasing to us all; and therefore, you see, we shall be safer and more likely to remain in comfort and peace by acting in concert. You understand, Margerie?"

But Lady Margerie did not understand, and, what is more, did not approve of this new phase of affairs. She asked for a day for consideration.

"As you please, Margerie," said the countess; "but I warn you that you can neither hasten nor hinder the matter. I wish to treat you as my sister, as the sister of my dying husband, as the mother of the heiress of St. Clair should be treated; if you will not act with me, I must act without you."

"Hush, Helena, hush," said Lady Margerie, smilingly, "you must be aware that much will depend on my concurrence. Any will made without it I shall contest—always contest, and without any qualms or remorse; but, if you will wait twenty-four hours I will give you my answer; meanwhile you can make the necessary preparations."

"As you will, Margerie," said the countess; "but it may be that you will repent it," she added; and that closed the colloquy.

Lady Margerie had occasion to go to Newport that day, but on the next day she met her sister-in-law with a cordial face and manner.

"Helena," she began, "I have considered your proposal. It is, on the whole, fair and tangible; but I have one condition to make,—you must allow Doctor Fitzpatrick to be present. His known skill may be of service in case of emergency, and, what is more, I should like his medical testimony in case of the worst."

"Certainly, Margerie," said Lady St. Clair, "you have a right to insist on one witness at least devoted to your cause; and I fear nothing from his testimony."

Lady Margerie did not quite like the extreme gentleness of the tone, the confidence of the manner; but she could scarcely be so unreasonable as to object to so cordial an acquiescence with her request.

The day came which was to be so important to the interests of the house of St. Clair. It was one that appeared almost intended by the Heavens to be of no ordinary solemnity and importance. A thunderstorm, most unusual in the latter days of November, opened the morning, and was succeeded by rain and hail, which, after two hours' violence, ended in an outbreak of sunshine and almost summer heat that made the atmosphere oppressively heavy. But, whether from the atmospheric change, or from some inexpressible cause, the invalid earl appeared to be strangely roused from his apathy.

The earl being led into the room and seated in his easy chair, the doors were again thrown open, and the countess, Lady Margerie, and Isabel, appeared; and from another door in that extensive library came together, and apparently unconnected with the others, Dr. Fitzpatrick and one of the most eminent of the London counsel. Lord St. Clair's eyes wandered from one to the other with a strange, restless look. Then he turned to the countess, like a child appealing for help, but that lady passed him with a smile of contented and encouraging kindness, and placed herself with her sister and niece in the back ground, half concealed by a curtain. Mr. Pleydell, the family lawyer, was the first to open the proceedings.

"My noble and respected friends," he began, "I have a singular and responsible duty to perform this morning, which will, I hope, by means of your friendly co operation, be made a straightforward and plain one. It is, my friends, to read to you and request your testimony to the fresh will and testament about to be executed by my noble client, under very peculiar circumstances; first, from the delicate health of the earl; next, from the mournful and extraordinary circumstances under which that last copy of the dispositions intended by him was set aside; and lastly, from the nature of the will that it is his pleasure to make at this junction. Still it is, on the other hand, supported by these new features in the case,—the earl's physicians have pronounced him able to execute and understand a new will, in spite of a strong and unconquerable impression under which he labors, and the counsel, whose advice and co operation I have been so fortunate as to secure, bears the same testimony as to the possibility of such a will being valid; and, to insure the family from any painful and disagreeable litigation or discussion after the necessity of proving and acting on this will, which, please Heaven, may be very distant, we propose to read it, and have it signed before the persons who are alone interested in the disposal of the property. And first, I would request my friend Doctor Sullivan, and also the celebrated toxicologist, Doctor Fitzpatrick, whose presence we also have the advantage of this time, to question my noble client, should they deem it necessary, as to the knowledge that he possesses of the fact he is about to perform."

"My dear lord," said Dr. Sullivan, turning to the earl, "is it your desire to make a will, that shall express the way in which you wish your property to be disposed of, after it pleases Heaven to take you hence?"

The earl nodded. He could comprehend the quiet, distinct, gentle utterance of his kind physician, but the effort of speaking was too disagreeable for him to attempt it. Then Dr. Fitzpatrick drew nearer, as if to watch more narrowly each look and action of the patient.

"And I would ask you, my lord, once more," said he, "whether you would wish your property and estates to be possessed and enjoyed by your sister, Lady Margerie, and after her by your niece, the sole daughter and natural heiress?"

The earl shivered visibly, and a look of more intense disgust and loathing came over his features than it could have been believed that his patient withered face could have worn. His eyes looked stern and irritated, his cheeks flushed, and his lips, after working as if to conquer some great impediment, formed with difficulty, but still unmistakeable distinctness, the word "No."

Lady Margerie exchanged looks with her daughter, that plainly expressed, "Poor, misguided man!"

"Is there any one else that you wish to inherit it, my lord?" asked Dr. Sullivan.

Again Lord St. Clair's lips moved, but this time the effort was greater, and the utterance feebler and less distinct. There was no question as to the word pronounced; it was—"Blanche."

The party exchanged glances. Mr. Pleydell said, in a voice too quiet to be fully understood or noticed by the earl. "There is a delusion I know, but still not enough to affect the mind in other respects, as I think the remainder of the proceedings will prove."

"You mean, my dear lord," said Dr. Sullivan, "that, had your grand daughter been living, you would wish her to be the heiress of your property?"

The earl nodded.

"But," continued Dr. Sullivan, "as she, unhappily, is no more——"

He paused, for the earl's eyes flashed angrily with a fierce light.

"But" resumed the physician, "if she proved to be no more, then is the way in which you would wish it to go about to be stated in the will drawn up?—you understand that, my dear lord?"

Again the monosyllable "If"

The physician turned from the chair, with a look of satisfaction, that said plainly, "You see, his comprehension extends thus far."

Dr. Fitzpatrick now advanced with a bland air, that did not appear to have the same influence or weight with the invalid, for he shrunk from him and turned away, so far as his palsied limbs would permit—a gesture that was not lost on the acute London counsel, Adolphus Stuart.

"He associates me with the young lady's death," observed Dr. Fitzpatrick, to those near him; "a common weakness with children and sick persons." Then he advanced still nearer to the chair, with his face turned from the guests, and toward the earl, but Mr. Stuart here for the first time interfered.

"Doctor Fitzpatrick will pardon me, I am sure," he said, courteously, "if I suggest that the whole scene and dialogue should be exposed to the persons present. Even a look, a gesture may be significant in a case like this."

Doctor Fitzpatrick bowed. If he resented the interference, it was certainly not apparent in his quiet and unmoved features.

"I have but one question to put to the noble earl," he resumed, gently; "and that I think is of too vital importance to the case for it to be deemed irrelevant or importunate. We can scarcely deem it a fit state of mind to make a disposition of large and important property, when the testator actually supposes a lady to be still living who perished at least five months ago." Then turning to the earl, but still permitting the faces of both to be fully watched by the persons present, he said, slowly and distinctly, "My lord, may I ask, do you believe that your grand-daughter, Miss Blanche St. Clair, is still living?"

The earl's withered face lightened, tears came spontaneously from his eyes,—they always did at his grand daughter's name,—and then he said, with far more ease and facility than he had yet spoken "Yes."

A thrill of half surprise, half pity, mingled, perhaps, with some more painful feelings, ran through the company at these words. The countess, Lady Margerie, and Isabel, were all mute,—the first-named lady motionless; not a gesture or trace of surprise and emotion agitated her frame at the strange declaration that had so startled the rest of the small party. The physicians exchanged glances—Mr. Pleydell noticed their expression.

"It appears to me," said he, "that this only strengthens our case, gentlemen. It was avowed that our client was laboring under the full impression that Miss St. Clair would re-appear, either from his idea that she is merely absent, or some more serious delusion. In any case, when you have heard the will, I think that you must confess that there is nothing in that fact that should render it obnoxious to his relatives or injure its validity, should she choose to sign it in their presence. And, mark me, we will ascertain his full comprehension of each particular, ere we request his signature and your consent to the witnessing of the act."

The lawyer then proceeded to read the preamble in the usual monotonous tone, which marks that mechanical part of legal business, and then he went on firmly, and slowly, and distinctly, turning carefully to the earl as he read each word.

"I give and bequeathe to my grand-daughter, Violet Blanche Mortimer St. Clair, the whole of my personal and unentailed property, subject to the following legacies:—To my dearly beloved wife, Helena St. Clair, I give and bequeathe the sum of fifty thousand pounds, over and above her jointure of ten thousand pounds per annum; the said jointure to be paid out of the estates of St. Clair, Merivale, and Fernibank, as arranged by our marriage settlement. To my sister, Lady Margerie Lisle, I give and bequeathe the sum of thirty thousand pounds, to be paid to her one twelvemonth after my decease. To my servants who shall have been with me fifteen years, legacies of one thousand pounds each. To those who shall have been with me ten years, five hundred pounds each. To those who have been with me five years, one hundred pounds each; and to Sir Rupert Pelham, a mourning ring, of the value of fifty pounds. To my friends, Doctor Dickson and Doctor Sullivan, one thousand pounds each, and mourning rings of the same value as Sir Rupert Pelham's."

Then came legacies to various charities. And then Mr. Pleydell cleared his voice and once more paused, after receiving the assent of the earl to the whole testament thus read. There could be little doubt that it was comprehended.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE legacy to Lady St. Clair received a sad and piteous, but evidently satisfied smile; that to Lady Margerie a slighter assent. The minor ones, save the ring to Sir Rupert Pelham, were briefly but satisfactory assented to; but the trifling bequest to the young man brought a smile as near to derision as the earl's feeble features could wear.

Dr. Sullivan and his colleague exchanged glances of half surprised satisfaction. As yet there had been little to displease even Alexander Fitzpatrick in the dispositions of the will. And besides, the end was not yet.

Mr. Pleydell drank a glass of water ere he proceeded with the codicil to the document.

"And it is my will and pleasure that no legacies shall be paid, save those to the servants, till two years after my decease, and that the estates shall be held in trust by my executors till that time; and if my grand-daughter, Violet Blanche Mortimer St. Clair, shall not re-appear before that time, then the whole shall be paid by my executors, and the residue of my unentailed and personal estates shall be kept in trust, and the income paid to the charities they may select for the next ten years, but no portion shall go to any one of my natural relatives in any degree. And should my grand daughter, Violet Blanche Mortimer St. Clair, re-appear during those ten years, the whole shall at once revert to her, for her sole and undivided and independent use, subject to the restrictions aforenamed."

Mr. Pleydell ceased reading. Lady Margerie's lips parted; she was about to speak, when a warning look from Dr. Fitzpatrick stopped her.

The earl had listened with evident interest to the codicil. Anything relating to his grand-daughter had always power to awaken his dormant faculties, and when Mr. Pleydell asked him again as to his assent to the will, his feeble head aided a cordial assent to the attempt to pronounce the word "yes" more distinctly than usual.

"Are all present satisfied?" said Mr. Pleydell.

"No," came clear and firm from Lady Margerie, in spite of the rapid and warning gesture of his hand; "no."

"And may I ask on what ground?" said the lawyer, quietly.

"On one and every ground," was the reply.

"You mean that you doubt the competancy of your brother, to make a will?" asked Mr. Pleydell, in the quiet, legal tone he had before assumed.

Lady Margerie glanced round the room; she saw the earl's eyes gleaming on her with almost a ferocious look of cunning and suspicion; she saw the cool keen gaze of the countess, the surprise and wonder of the lawyer, and the more than annoyance of Dr. Fitzpatrick. But the die was cast. Her own interest was at stake. The game she had boldly opened must be played out; and her resolution was taken.

"I say—on every ground," she said, calmly, rising and advancing to the table where they sat. "First, that the will is framed entirely on a delusion. The strong affection of my brother for his grand-daughter has induced him to draw up that will with an evident animus toward those who he presumes will profit by his death; he deludes himself through his belief—not unusual in such cases—that she is still living. Secondly, I object on the ground of the utter injustice of a will that separates in any case the large unentailed from the smaller entailed estates of St. Clair."

"In any case," repeated Dr. Fitzpatrick, half involuntarily.

"Yes, in any case," was the response. "Of course the presumption of my niece's life is too great an absurdity to be entertained for a moment. I shall oppose the will, or rather this base subterfuge for a will, to the very last shilling of my means, and till my last breath."

Mr. Pleydell bowed. Mr. Stuart said nothing, and Dr Sullivan and Dr. Dickson exchanged meaning and deprecating glances.

At a sign from the countess the lawyer now advanced to Lord St. Clair's side with the will, and a pen, dipped in the inkstand before him.

"My lord," said he, "once more I ask you whether it is your pleasure to sign this will?"

The earl bowed.

"It is your wish—your free wish?" said the lawyer.

The earl inclined his head once more.

"Mark me, gentlemen, and you, Lady Margerie," continued the lawyer, "I again ask the earl in your presence, whether any influence has been used—whether there is any reason, save his own desire, for the disposition he has made?"

Mr. Pleydell turned to the earl, and repeated the words slowly and distinctly. Lord St. Clair shook his head, and tried again to speak. "Blanche," was the only sound that issued.

"It is a monomania," said Lady Margerie, scornfully. "The persistence in this injustice must at last unlock my tongue. The young lady thus deeply mourned, thus madly changed into an unhallowed idol, even while her memory is yet fresh, was no rightful heiress of St. Clair,—she was the illegitimate daughter of the unfortunate Lady Cecily St. Clair; and it was sorely from a regard for the honor of our house, and the feelings of my only brother, that I refrained from protesting against the cruelty that persisted in training and educating the poor girl as if she were indeed the legitimate and rightful descendant of the deluded grandparents, who were thus mistakenly indulgent to the errors of one, and the misfortunes of another, of the two female descendants of the line."

The countess listened with flashing eyes and a flaming cheek to this long and rapidly delivered speech. For a moment she seemed scarcely able to restrain the passion that filled every nerve; and the spectators of the scene were inclined rather to credit the statement of Lady Margerie, from the evident agitation of her sister in-law; and besides, the strange disappearance of Lady Cecily, the true record of her marriage the death, the advent of the infant heiress, and the absence of any living relative on her father's side that ever claimed kindred with her, were all rather confirmatory of Lady Margerie's statement, even to those who had loved and admired the infancy and the maturer girlhood of the deceased girl. But Lady St. Clair's silence and emotion only lasted for a moment—she rose from her seat, and walked steadily and calmly to the table where Lady Margerie stood, and where Mr. Pleydell was still endeavoring to explain to the earl the place where the signature was to be affixed.

"Margerie Lisle," said the countess, "from this hour the last spark of reluctance to work out the plans that have been long

struggling in my brain is extinguished, stamped out, by this foul slander. For the daughter of the first Lady St. Clair I am not responsible by blood and birth; but at least she was your nearest kin after your own child. And, as to the innocent girl, whose safety, may be, would have lain in the very disgrace and stigma of which you speak—for her I say, that she, and none other, was the beloved, and rightful, and sole heiress of her mother's rights, her grandfather's title and estates; and if there is justice in heaven, or power on earth, no one will profits by her injuries—her untimely fate."

Lady Margerie quailed under the stern look of her sister-in-law.

"Then there is war between us, Lady St. Clair," she said.

"To the death—at least to fair and lawful death, Margerie Lisle," replied the countess.

The earl's lips quivered, and his hands moved restlessly, during that quietly spoken but sharp colloquy. Then he took the pen still offered him by Mr. Pleydell, and appeared about to sign in the appointed place. There was a taper burning on the table near, ready for the affixing of the crested seal after the signature. Lord St. Clair took the pen. His frame seemed as it were galvanised into life; but it was only for a minute. His eyes were fixed on Lady Margerie's angry cold eye, her bitter scornful lip. He pointed to the taper. The countess, who marked his every sign, placed it near him. In another minute the trembling patient fingers held the parchment to the flames, and it blazed up till it threatened the safety of the withered fingers that grasped it so tenaciously.

"Blanche, Blanche—all," he said, in a faint struggling tone, and fell back exhausted in his chair.

"You hear, Margerie Lisle?" said the countess. "It is as a voice from the dead—and your own brother's voice condemns your slander, your cupidity, your crime."

Lady Margerie answered no thing for one brief moment; then she said bitterly, "My own brother's hand has destroyed the iniquitous deed that deprived both my child and myself of my rights. There can be no will, you can see clearly, gentlemen."

"There is real, free, spontaneous action, gentlemen," said Mr. Pleydell, glancing at his brother lawyer and the physicians.

"I fear that is useless, our law not being in a state to take a will from hearsay," observed the counsel composedly.

"Pity that so charitable and munificent a bequest should be destroyed," observed Dr. Sullivan, as he saw Dr. Dickson's grave, questioning face fixed on Lady Margerie's heated features.

"May I request you all to withdraw?" said the countess, who was the only person apparently unmoved by the strange conclusion to the scene. "It is better not to exhaust the earl by any more conversation in his hearing at present."

Lady Margerie and the gentlemen could scarcely refuse a request that was urged by the trembling pallor and closed eyes of the patient, and yet the sister of the invalid and her adviser were the last to leave the room.

Dr. Fitzpatrick with bland sympathy in his face, Lady Margerie with bitter triumph in hers, stood for a minute lingering at the door of the room.

"Have I to request your absence a second time?" said the countess, sternly.

"I have a right to remain near my own brother," said Lady Margerie, coldly.

"You have no right to enter this house so long as your brother is still lord and master here," replied the countess. "Woman, be warned in time; or you may bitterly repent your hardihood."

"Lady St. Clair, at least permit me to suggest that I could materially relieve the suffering of the earl," said Dr. Fitzpatrick, urging Lady Margerie from the room, and returning a few steps himself toward the patient.

"I trust I shall not have to repeat my request," was her reply as she turned to the earl, without even deigning to see whether her orders were obeyed, and she rang a bell that was placed on a table near him. Before that summons could be answered, the two confederates had left the chamber.

"What next?" asked Dr. Fitzpatrick quickly, as Lady Margerie led the way to the suite generally given up to her use.

"What next?" said the lady, smiling triumphantly. "Why, all that I most desire, more than I had dared to hope. If my brother dies without a will, all will come to me, you see,—all save the widow's share. Don't you understand?"

"Are you so very sure, Lady Margerie?" said Dr. Fitzpatrick.

"Why not?" she asked.

"There is another condition, in the event of which you will have lost even the handsome bequest made to you," he replied.

"And pray what is that?" asked Lady Margerie.

"The re-appearance of Miss St. Clair," he replied.

Lady Margerie first stared intently at him, and then she burst into a hollow laugh.

"What do you mean?" she asked. The doctor made no reply. "I cannot comprehend you," said the lady angrily. "It is no time for fool's jests and equivoques."

Dr. Fitzpatrick looked at Lady Margerie with a gaze she could not interpret. It was at once defiant, pitying, and triumphant.

"Lady Margerie," he said, quietly, "I have done your bidding, I have nearly accomplished for you all that you desire. It only remains for you to be guided in some degree by one who has, perhaps, more experience, and who understands more fully than you do the workings of the engines which you, in comparative ignorance, have set in motion. And I tell you again, that I am not so fully satisfied as yourself about the young girl's utter disappearance."

"You surely have not played me false?" she questioned. "You cannot believe the doubt you suggest?"

"I do," he replied.

"Then I pronounce you utterly treacherous, and unworthy of your promised share of the plunder that you claimed," exclaimed Lady Margerie passionately. "Yes, Doctor Fitzpatrick, I say plunder, for what I have done for the good of my child for the preservation of her natural rights, and the reclaiming the name and the estates of St. Clair from the grasp of an illegitimate and obscurely born girl, you have merely shared it from love of power and ——"

"Of Lady Margerie Lisle," said the physician, coolly. "My dear lady, you are a far greater fool than I imagined. Don't you see how entirely you are in my power?—how far from wise, or even sane is your present conduct?"

"You forget that you are as much in the mase as I am," she replied. "If I come to grief, you will suffer also; if I go to prison, you will be hanged."

"Not altogether, madam," he replied, coolly; "not altogether. It can easily be proved, that while you required me to finish the young lady by poison, I saved her life; that while you had an absolute motive for desiring her death, I——"

He stopped suddenly. Lady Margerie shuddered. "And," continued the doctor, there are other things in which I had no share, Lady Margerie, or rather which I counterbalanced and furnished an antidote to your crimes. It would be easy to prove that you; the aunt of the girl, the sister of the man whom her loss has rendered a half-living, half-deadened corpse, went to far deeper, far more revolting lengths in crime than I would have dared or counselled. Listen," said he, and he whispered a few words in her ear.

"It was for the safety of both of us; it was to ensure the secrecy, the certainty of success," she pleaded, as her face grew paler and paler with hatred and suppressed fury, while her mouth quivered with mingled rage and terror. "Well, do as they will," she said, "they cannot altogether baffle me. They cannot prove that Blanche St. Clair was legitimate. They dare not."

"Hush, hush!" said the physician. "There is no doubt whatever that you have made an error—a great, but we will hope not irretrievable error. Still, with my assistance, if you are true to me, if you place yourself under my direction; obey my wishes, follow my directions, and above all, keep to your engagements, and grant me all that you have conditioned for;—then, and not till then, Margerie Lisle, we may carry out what you have wished so much to obtain."

"But the countess?" said Lady Margerie, feeling instinctively the influence of that master will, that unbending spirit. "What does that cool composure mean? She hates me; she idolizes Blanche; her all depends on her husband's life; and yet she is calm, and even triumphant, during the scene that would have killed an ordinary woman."

"The Countess of St. Clair is not an ordinary woman," said the physician, coolly. "However, I agree with you that there was something very peculiar in her manner and conduct, and it is partly from that circumstance that I wish you to be guided by me in this crisis; nay, I insist on obedience, or you know the alternative."

It was the beginning of punishment for the wretched woman, the first dawning of the retribution that infallibly follows crime—that the partner in her guilt, the agent she had employed as a mere subordinate, a paid servant in the guilty drama, should thus turn on her, and become her master, and assert an iron rule such as she had never, in her earlier days, known or obeyed. But she was old enough and experienced enough in her vocation to "bide her time," and wait for a certain hour to assert her own position, her own superiority to the low born yet daring spirit whom she had called to her aid. She mused for a few minutes.

"Perhaps you are right," she said,—"we must act together; and yet, remember, we ought fully and freely confide in each other. You know something that you are concealing from me, Alexander Fitzpatrick,—you cannot deceive me in that."

"And you did something that you concealed from me, Margerie Lisle," he replied. "Come, no more of this idle recrimination; we must act, and that at once."

The door then closed for some hours on the guilty pair.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A LARGE, half decayed house stood some two miles from St. Clair, under the very shade of the magnificent Culver Cliff—a building that had been almost coeval with the half ruined church of St. Helen's, which lay near the well known ferry, between the village and Pembridge. It was certainly on the edge of the large estates of St. Clair, yet many of the household at the Castle were actually unconscious of its existence; but for the last fortnight it has been occupied by a stranger, who was rarely seen in the village of Pembridge or on the neighboring shore. Some said that he was pacing the white sands on a moonlight night, or climbing the high mount beneath which the fair bay of Sandown lay sleeping, like the blue Italian waters of the southern Neapolitan lake; but as the inhabitants of the primitive spot were usually in bed at the sunset hour in Summer, and at the latest soon after curfew in Winter, those from whom the report came were deemed scrapegraces, hardly worthy of credence.

Some children, playing on the shore near the secluded dwelling, had declared that they saw two female figures enter the house, and, after remaining an hour or two, leave it in the same mysterious way in which they had come, and disappear round the Culver Point, in the direction of Sandown. Sometimes a strangely clad figure, that certainly could not be the gentlemanly stranger whom the very little ones looked upon with awe and astonishment, would turn from the door after the mysterious females, and close and lock the enchanted portal from all unwarranted intrusion. Such were the reports about the new tenant of the dwelling that had so long remained empty and almost forgotten in that secluded spot. But they excited comparatively little attention, and the unsophisticated peasants heeded little the proceedings of one who neither concerned them nor interfered with their occupations or interests. One elderly female and her son attended to the wants of the stranger; but the woman was deaf, and the lad apparently spoke some foreign tongue, and could scarcely make himself understood, even for the few errands on which he was sent.

Thus had passed two weeks without any change in the daily routine of the stranger's life, when at the usual hour, or perhaps somewhat later than was customary, the two females made their appearance, and, after a light tap at the door, were admitted by the lad into the dwelling.

The door opened directly into an apartment of rather large dimensions, as often happens in the rustic, old fashioned houses of ancient date. The walls were stuccoed of a whitish brown, and lined with casts, busts, and bas reliefs, and figures of various kinds. In the middle of the room was a large old fashioned couch; but the ladies quickly passed through this apartment to one much larger, and very peculiar in appearance. It had no ceiling, was paved with brick, and the light came from a high, huge, square window, that appeared as if sunk in the thick thatch of the gable end of the dwelling. More casts were ranged round the naked walls of this vast room, that might, to judge from its size and unfinished appearance, have been intended for a granary, instead of a depository for graceful works of art.

Through this room was a narrow passage, and then an open door, leading to a private court, and on the other side of the court were the open doors of two other rooms, one of which appeared to hold a carpenter's bench, another a forge. And through an opening by the side of these two rooms the sea could be seen, rolling and surging, and the white sails glittered in the pale Winter sunshine with dazzling brilliance.

The youth who preceded the ladies led the way across the narrow court, and opening the door with a key, ascended a narrow wooden bridge to an apartment answering to the one into which the visitors had at first entered.

The walls were here of a pale, beautiful tint of green. There was a large oriel window, and the floor was covered with a thick, green carpet; on one side were a green lounging chair, and two or three others similarly fitted; an antique cabinet of some value, a richly gilded mirror, a table, and a large and handsome piece of furniture, half "whatnot" half table, on which was deposited various portfolios full of drawings in various stages. Then there were some book-cases, well filled, a Cremona violin, and everywhere casts, drawings, and sketches. But the youth hastily walked across this room to an inner apartment the door of which at once opened, and Sir Evan Leslie made his appearance.

"Good morning," said he to his visitors. "I feared something had detained you; you are usually so punctual. Excuse my not offering you my hand; it is daubed with clay. Carlo, admit no one on any pretext whatever."

The room in which the young baronet received his visitors was of the same size as the preceding, but less elaborately furnished and comfortable. The floor was bare. A few chairs and a table, and contrivances for a sculptor's work, constituted the furniture. In the middle of the room, on one of the heavy platforms, was a tall mass of wet dark clay, which bore about as little resemblance to the figure of a woman as can well be imagined. On the plain solid table stood a figure in the same wet clay, and about two feet high, which was even beautiful.

It is only a few weeks since that we described Sir Evan Leslie, and yet in that short time he had changed. He has grown pale—very pale. Perhaps it might be the effect of his long, dark green working robe or blouse, but his features are sharp, and even sunken. The fine ruddy firmness of the young man's cheek is gone; but, in compensation, the large eyes shine with wonderful brilliancy, and the mouldings of the brow are deepened, and a certain classic severity is about the lines of the mouth. Yet the expression is full of sweetness, and of a far higher cast than was the case in former years. Has he been ill? or is it the effect of severe study? Such were the thoughts that the younger of the two visitors, who now entered the room, indulged, as she gazed at him through her veil.

"I feared we were late," said the older and shorter of the two; "but we fancied we were noticed, and my lady did not like to enter till we were quite alone."

"It was scarcely necessary," said the young man, smiling. "The good folks about here have but little curiosity. Indeed, it seems a characteristic of the island to allow every one to come and go unobserved and unquestioned."

He had gone on as if to give time for the younger and apparently superior of the two girls to compose herself ere he addressed her; then he turned to her with an air of even chivalrous respect.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you," said he, "for giving me your aid in carrying out my object."

"It was too sacred not to command sympathy from me," said the sweet, clear voice of the long lost Violet.

"And no one but you could forward it," he replied.

"It is enough if you and the relatives think so," she replied, her large eyes meeting his with a calm, half-reproving gaze.

It seemed to check any attempt of Sir Evan's to learn more than she chose to tell. He was a perfect gentleman, and the very loneliness and unprotected state of the young girl were sufficient to guard her from the slightest curiosity or any future advance on his part. So he quietly turned to the companion, a handsome but somewhat peculiar looking girl, with features of great beauty, but still an expression half furtive, half ashamed, and entirely depressed, that marred its loveliness; and to the practised eye there was an evident and unmistakable absence of the refinement that is the greater charm of beauty.

"May I ask you to sit down in that corner?" he said. "I can give you some pictures or a book to amuse you."

The girl accepted the portfolio, probably to have a better opportunity of watching what was going forward; and then Violet went into the ante-room, but re-appeared after a short interval in a simple dress of white cashmere, falling to the feet; a gold cincture confined the waist. She looked gloriously beautiful as she seated herself in that chair, immediately under the pure, modified light streaming in from the large window. An angel in its pure white robes could scarcely have been more lovely than the half spiritualized girl at that moment. Sir Evan's heart throbbed, and his hand could barely command the steadiness essential to his art.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An "old tar" has recently prepared a hand-book of nautical terms for the use of persons who intend to follow the sea. In order to correct popular belief, our author gravely asserts that the berths on board ship do not necessarily add to the census. The hatchways are not hens' nests. The weight of the ship is not the extent of her avoirdupois. The boatswain does not pipe all hands with a meerschaum. The ship does not have a wake over a dead calm. The swell of a ship's side is not caused by dropsy, nor is the taper of a bowsprit a tallow candle. The head is not the vessel's grip. The trough of the ship is not dug out of the ship's log. The crest of a wave is no indication of its rank. The buoy is not the captain's son. The men are not beat to quarters with a club. Ships are never boarded at hotels. The bow of a ship is no evidence of politeness. A sailor's stockings are never manufactured from a yarn of his own spinning. The sails of a ship are not made by an auctioneer, nor are the stays constructed by a milliner.

AT A LOOKING-GLASS.

BY J. CRAWFORD.

I loved thee well in "salad days,"
Forever flown,
O faithful friend, whose honest face
Reflects my own.
Nor do I mete thee scanter praise,
(Sincerity is hard to find)
Now Time has distanced in the race,
And left me panting far behind—
Heigh-ho!
Another weary mile or so.

How well I recollect the hours
I used to spend
Before thee once—in years gone by,
My trusty friend
Oh, April youth! Oh, sun and showers!
Pray, don't expect me to confess
How long I took to knot my tie
The day that I proposed to Jess.
(Alack!
She boxed my ears—and married Jack.)

And now I wear—well, never mind.
(Time's ruthless shears!)
And dress—why, bless you, she's been dead
These twenty years!
The fruit of Life is gone—the rind
Is somewhat bitter to the taste
Oh, vain regrets for pleasures fled—
For days when I possessed—a waist.
But stay,
I'll brush the sorry imps away.

Ah, if some scientific man
Would but invent
A looking glass wherein to find
One's moral bent,
A tell-tale mirror—there to scan
Each petty failing that appears—
The cynic furrows of the mind,
That gather with increasing years.
Ah, well,
I fear those glasses would not—sell.

The Avengers.

BY A. T. WILSUR.

ONE of the most daring chieftains of whom we remember having read, was an Algonquin or Adirondack. This tribe of Indians, at the time of the first settlement of Canada, were found upon the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The chieftain to whom we have alluded, whose name was Paskaret, could never forget the stain which the victories of the Iroquois had left upon his people, and with four of his boldest warriors devoted himself to what he considered the sacred duty of wiping the stain from the national honor.

"What shall be done, great chieftain!" asked one of the avengers of the Adirondacks. "The Iroquois are a numerous people, and we are still smarting under the terrible wounds which our honor received at the memorable battle of Trois Riviere."

"When you speak of Trois Riviere, you cause my cheeks to burn with shame," replied Paskaret, shaking his long and quivering finger towards the country of the Five Nations. "It is the memory of the Trois Riviere that is turning my hair gray, and writing wrinkles upon my brow. Brother avengers, you have asked what we shall do, being only five in all—only one to each of the nations of our enemies. I will tell you one plan which I have thought of by which to punish the Iroquois. I have learned by one of my spies that five canoes have gone up the Three Rivers, and will probably return in a few days and pass over the same spot where we were defeated. Each of the canoes contained ten of our enemies. Now I will reveal to you a way in which we can destroy them all. There are five of us—one warrior to each canoe. Let us provide ourselves with muskets—three for each man, and ammunition in abundance. Three muskets to each warrior, in our hands, will count the same as fifteen armed in the ordinary manner.

"But, avengers, this is not all; I have another important matter to make known. I have discovered that by loading a musket with two balls, connected by a chain ten inches in length, a birchen canoe can be cut to pieces in a moment."

An exultant shout arose from the avengers of the Adirondacks, and they commenced acting upon their plans at once. Paskaret exerted himself to procure muskets of the largest calibre, and of the most approved make. He sold his favorite horse and many things most highly esteemed, to provide the necessary outfit for himself and companions.

All was at length in readiness. The muskets were obtained and loaded with two balls each, and in a manner highly satisfactory to Paskaret. Before the echoes of his voice in [illegible] had ceased, five canoes, containing in all fifty Iroquois, swept into sight by turning an abrupt bend in the river.

"Imitate me," said Paskaret, in a low voice, "and don't fire until I give the word;" and the wily chief commenced singing his death song, as though he had resigned himself to inevitable death. His warriors immediately followed his example, suffering the Iroquois to approach without making a single effort to escape. They continued to howl their death song, and allowed their enemies to approach until within a few yards.

"Now we will satisfy the spirits of our slain warriors!" cried Paskaret.

Instantly the avengers seized their muskets and fired. The balls and their iron links went crashing and tearing through the frail canoes, and cutting the devoted Iroquois in pieces. A sudden and terrible panic seized the latter. With loud and startling shrieks they leaped into the water from their sinking vessels, while the deadly fire of the Algonquins continued to rake from end to end, severing limbs, and inflicting unheard of wounds.

In a few moments the canoes were all sunken or abandoned, and their passengers were all either killed or drowned.

It may be imagined, with some reason, that the daring feat of Paskaret in destroying fifty of his enemies at a blow, would have satisfied his appetite for revenge, but this was far from being the case. On two successive nights he crept into their camp and secretly killed a number of his hated foes. The Iroquois profited by their sad experience; and upon the third night set a watch about their village, in every cabin.

It might be supposed that under such circumstances, Paskaret would not attempt to enter the village again; but this was not the case. Leaving the scalps which he had taken, carefully upon his back, in a bundle, in order not to lose the valued and ensanguined witnesses to his daring deeds for the third and last time he cautiously approached the Iroquois village.

But he found his enemies upon the alert, and remained quiet, waiting for them to relax their vigilance. In this expectation, he was not disappointed.

One of the watchers grew weary of his vigils. He dozed and nodded, started up, rubbed his eyes, and strove to be wakeful; but, alas! the drowsy god overpowered him, and he slept at his post.

"He richly deserves to die," said Paskaret to himself, "for the desire to do his duty is not strong enough to keep him awake."

The chieftain stood silently beside the faithless watcher, smiled grimly, lifted his terrible battle axe, and with a blow laid the sleeper quivering and gasping at his feet.

But there were those who had heard, and they now pursued him. But he easily kept beyond them. The pursuit was continued with unabated vigor until night, when the Iroquois encamped to cook and rest. Paskaret saw them kindle a fire and watched the smoke curling through the trees. They roasted meat, ate and then lay down in their blankets, without a thought of danger. In half an hour they were all in a sound sleep.

A dark form might have been seen stealing towards them, stepping in among the slumberers, and by the light of their fire looks to count them.

The sleepers were ten in number. With his hatchet he dispatched nine, with as many blows, and then with the handle awakened the tenth from his sleep. He started to his feet, and was about to give the war cry of the Iroquois, but the sound died away upon his lips, for he saw his companions lying stark and stiff in death, and Paskaret confronting him with a grim smile.

"A great warrior should not sleep when an enemy is near," said Paskaret.

The astonished Iroquois made no reply. His tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth.

"Your companions are sleeping," added Paskaret; "they will wake no more."

"You are a great warrior," said the Iroquois.

"I have seventeen scalps," replied Paskaret; "one more would make eighteen."

"The Iroquois is ready," answered the prisoner. "He was at the battle of Trois Riviere, and he slew many of your best warriors. The Iroquois can afford to die. Strike!"

But Paskaret did not strike.

"The Iroquois is a brave man," he replied; "but life is sweet, and on one condition he shall live, and I will leave his village to slumber in peace."

"Speak, brave chieftain," said the prisoner.

"I saw a handsome squaw," continued the Algonquin, "in your village; bring her to me to be my wife, and I will molest your village no more; but I will not include all the villages of the Iroquois. If you succeed in bringing the beautiful Iroquois maiden to me, you shall be free, but if you do not, you shall return and deliver yourself into my hands as my prisoner. Do you promise as a warrior, to comply with these conditions?"

"I promise," said the Iroquois.

Paskaret then described the fair squaw whom he had seen, so that she was easily recognized by the prisoner.

"Now you may go," said the Algonquin; "but if you attempt to deceive me, I will not rest until your scalp hangs at my belt."

The Indian faithfully redeemed his word. The next night he returned to the spot with the handsome Iroquois, whose heart being free, had easily been persuaded to become the wife of so great a warrior. She was received with much kindness by her strange lover, and instead of regretting the step she had taken, seemed proud of the distinguished honor conferred upon her.

They then sat down, ate, and smoked together, and then parted, the Iroquois to return to the village, and Paskaret and his bride to perform a long journey to the country of the Algonquins.

He reached his warriors in safety. His return was regarded as little short of a miracle, while his fair wife was not a little envied by the Algonquin maidens on account of her extraordinary beauty, and the good fortune which had made her the partner of the brave Paskaret.

Taking Care of a Friend.

BY A. H. HOPE.

PAUL FLEXIBLE was gentle, generous, amiable, industrious; possessed, in short, of almost every virtue under heaven, but sadly deficient in energy, self reliance, and moral courage. He required a strong will to lean upon, a daring spirit to counterbalance the weakness of his own. As in love, so in friendship, men seek their opposites, which goes to account for the fact, that the mild and cautious Mr. Paul Flexible selected for his friend the headlong and dogmatic Horace Fertile.

They were clerks together in the same store; they went into business on their own account at the same time, though not in partnership. Horace lent Paul his advice, and Paul endorsed Horace's paper. Flexible prospered in business better than Fertile, for his native caution was a safer guide than the other's rashness.

But Flexible always spoke of Fertile as his "best friend." And it was his best friend's advice which led him to marry Miss Melinda Agate, an elderly young lady, with long straw colored curls, a sharp nose, and independent property as well as will of her own. Fertile rather regretted his counsel, when the honeymoon being over, Mrs. Paul F. put an end to her husband's smoking, the only "small vice" he had, and interdicted the use of tobacco to all his friends and acquaintances. He attempted dining there once or twice after the "happy event," but cold mutton and colder looks threw him back on his bachelor dinners at Parker's. Still the friendship continued, and in any dilemma Paul always had recourse to his old crony, rather than make a confidant of his wife.

One night, not a great while after the happy event which made Flexible the most miserable dog in existence, he was awakened about twelve by the crash of military music in the street before his house—nay, under his very windows. "Out in the misty night" was played in a very noisy manner by a full band. Then came a song and chorus with many references to "happy pair," "hearts and destinies united," &c.

"They can't mean us!" thought Paul, with a sigh. There was a pause—and then the musicians, taking breath, poured forth another strain. There was no mistake about it now—the Apollo band were serenading Mr. and Mrs. Flexible. Flexible was preparing to spring out of bed.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Mrs. Flexible.

"Ask 'em in, and give 'em something to eat and drink," replied Flexible.

"Give 'em something to eat and drink," ejaculated Mrs. F., snappishly. "They'd eat and guzzle you out of house and home, if you'd let 'em. If you've got any spunk, you'll call the police and throw a pitcher of water on 'em!"

"Mrs. F." replied the gentleman, with some faint show of resolution, "I think I know what the rites of hospitality and the usages of society demand. I must prepare some refreshments for them."

"Go to sleep, and don't make a fool of yourself," retorted his better half. "Or ask 'em in if you please—they'll get nothing in this house—for everything's locked up, and the keys are where you won't get 'em in a hurry."

With a smothered groan, poor Paul buried his head in the bed clothes, that he might shut out the direful sounds of the wretched musicians. They played and played—louder and louder—till their energies were nearly exhausted, and then the instruments seemed dyingly to supplicate admission and reward. It was all in vain, however; Mrs. F. was inexorable.

The next day Paul narrated the whole occurrence to Fertile, and begged that he would apologize to the leader of the band.

"Don't be afraid, my boy," said Fertile. "I'll get you off—I'll save your reputation—let me alone for taking care of my friends."

"But what can you say to Mr. Tooter?"

"That's my look out. Make yourself perfectly easy. Yours till further notice. By, by, Paul—love to Mrs. F."

In the course of a day or two, Fertile encountered Mr. Tooter, the leader of the Apollos.

"Tooter, my dear friend," said he, "you know you serenaded Flexible the other night!"

"Yes," said the musician, looking very grave.

"And you must have thought it rather queer that he didn't ask you to 'wood up,' &c."

"Why," said Mr. Tooter, "I must confess, I thought it rather small of Flexible—and some of our fellows were outrageous about it."

"Certainly, certainly," said Fertile, "quite natural they should be. Now the fact is—step this way—I tell you in confidence—confidence, mind you—that Flexible was drunk that night."

"Mr. Flexible!" exclaimed the leader, "I never expected him of——"

"Hoax! O Lord! yes—so drunk he didn't know himself from a seventeen dollar bill—brought home by the watchman—new married wife in hysterics—shocking scene—domestic drama—truth stronger than fiction—more things in heaven and earth, Horatio—your philosophy—you understand—keep it to yourself."

Mr. Fertile bowed himself away. The next day, Paul met him.

"Well, Horace, have you seen the leader?"

"O, yes; I made it all right; I took care of you, my boy—no one won't think any the worse of you for what occurred."

"My best friend, a thousand thanks!"

"Nonsense, man, don't be sentimental. Whenever you get into a scrape, call on me; I'll get you out of it. I'm ready to do as much for you any time."

Mr. Tooter informed the Apollos, in confidence, of the reason why Mr. Flexible didn't ask them in. They told their wives and sweethearts in confidence; and so it soon got to be the town talk. It never reached the ears of Flexible however; he never knew why Deacon Dickeberry cut him—why Mr. Bluenose who was president of a temperance society refused to trade with him any more; and never knew, poor man! that one of the most benevolent brokers upon Sauce street said of him:

"Flexible is a good natured, well meaning man—it's a pity he drinks!"

MOSLEM SUPERSTITIONS.—They abhor bells, which they say draw together evil spirits—the very opposite of the old European notion, which was that the sound of bells drove evil spirits away. For bells the Moslems have men called Muezzins, who are stationed in the little balconies round the tops of the tall minarets, and who call out five times a day to the people to come to prayer. These cry is, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God." Moslems must pray five times a day, wherever they are. At home, in the shops, in the street, or on a journey, when the proper hour comes, they fall down on their knees and go through their prayers and prostrations.

Belief in the evil eye is very prevalent in Western Asia, as it is in Northern Africa and even in Italy and Spain. They think certain people have the power of killing others by a glance of the eye. Others inflict injury by the eye. Others pick grapes by merely looking at them. This power may rest in one eye, and a man who thought he had it veiled one eye, out of compassion for others. The Moslem Sheiks and others profess to cure the evil eye and prevent its effects by writing mystic talismanic words on papers, which were to be worn. Others write the words on an egg, and then strike the forehead of the evil eyed with the egg. When a new house is built, the workmen hang up an egg shell or a piece of alum, or an old boot, or a donkey's skull, in the front door, to keep off the evil eye. The Moslem women leave their children ragged and dirty to keep people from admiring them, and thus smiting them with the evil eye. We are sorry to add that they think blue eyes especially dangerous. They believe the name of God, or Allah, a charm against evil, and repeat it as such; but they have some terrible imprecations against those who are thought to smite with the evil eye.

Near Tripoli there is what is called the convent of the sacred fish. It is a large high building with a snow white dome and a great sycamore tree stands by the side of a deep pool of water. Here may be seen a crowd of Moslem boys, who have come from Tripoli to feed the sacred fish, and to play on the green lawn. The old Sheik who keeps the place has much faith in the fish. He says they are all Moslems, and are inhabited by the souls of Moslem saints. One black fish, the sheik of the rabbis, does not often show himself, but other fish may be counted by hundreds of thousands, and resemble dace or chub. The custodian says that during the Crimean War many of the older fish went off under the sea to Sebastopol and fought the Russians, and that some of them came back wounded. The people think that anyone who eats the fish will die speedily; but the American Consul in 1856 had some caught and cooked. They were coarse and unpalatable, but not injurious.

WELSH FUNERALS.—A curious custom at Welsh funerals is termed the "parson's penny." After reading the burial service in the church the clergyman stands behind a tomb while a psalm is being sung. In the meantime each of the mourners places some money on the table for his acceptance. This ceremony is regarded as a token of respect to the deceased, although it was originally intended to compensate the clergyman for praying for the soul of the deceased. In some Welsh parishes, also, a similar custom called "spade money," is kept up. After the corpse has been committed to its resting-place, the grave digger presents his spade as a receptacle for donations, these offerings, which often amount to a goodly sum, being regarded as his perquisite.

Men marry to make an end; women to make a beginning.

Our Young Folks.

CASEM'S SHOES.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

IN the city of Bagdad there lived a tradesman in good circumstances named Casem. Although well to do, his meanness was the talk of the city, while his person, always clad in the oldest, dirtiest, and most illy fitting garments, made him a common object of curiosity.

While all his garments were noticeable for their signs of avarice and care, his shoes in particular were an index to his character These, once elegant and valuable, had been mended and patched a thousand times. The soles, from the thickness and number of the nails used, almost resembled a plate of iron, while the uppers were composed of as many pieces as the Argo in her memorable cruise

Ten years they had lived in the world of leather, and during that time the most artistic cobblers of the city had at various times expended their resources and invention in holding them together.

This continual adding of parts, of making fresh additions as it were, to maintain their ruined structure, at length removed them so ponderous that they passed into the public tongue, and when one would refer to some excessive weight, he spoke of them as being "as heavy as Casem's shoes."

One day in passing through the market, a customer offered him an excellent bargain in some glass bottles Knowing the value of this materia just then, he closed the contract at once. The sale at the same time of a bankrupt perfumer's stock was a strong consideration to influence the purchase Among this was a large quantity of rose water in bulk, and Casem judged, in buying this and bottling it for the market, he would make more than a happy stroke.

On the strength of this he debated whether, as was the custom of the merchants on such occasions, he should give a feast or go to the public baths—for both were rare occurrences in Casem's life.

Probably because it cost less, he at length decided in favor of the latter.

Whilst disrobing, a friend, or at least an intimate acquaintance—for the avaricious have few friends—remarked to him that his shoes were making him the city scandal, and that after such good fortune he certainly ought to buy himself new ones

"I have been thinking of it some time past," was Casem's reply; "but when I come to look at the matter fairly, I think they will last a little yet."

So saying he completed his preparations and entered.

At these public baths, which were maintained out of the city purse, it was the custom for all, high and low, to come without distinction. So, as the tradesman was surprising himself plashing in the unaccustomed liquid, the Cadi of the city came in.

Casem, who did not know his judgeship, left first, but was astonished when he returned to the dressing room to find his shoes missing. And imagine his wonder, on searching farther, to find a splendid pair of brand new shoes in their place.

Recovering from his stupor, however, he concluded that they were a gift from the friend who had just advised him to dispense with the old. Consequently it was with extreme joy that he put his feet into the gift, his pleasure, you may be sure, no wise lessened by the conviction they had cost him nothing

When the Cadi had finished his ablutions, his servants sought in vain for his shoes High or low they were not to be found In a dark corner, however, they brought to light a couple of metal bound monstrosities that everyone recognized as Casem's

Without delay a number of attendants proceeded to his house and arrested him, naturally supposing he was the thief. His arraignment before the Cadi was a matter of but few additional moments. Just exchanging shoes, the enraged official ordered the unhappy tradesman to jail

The execution of the laws in those days and in that place was, nowise extraordinary, so that when Casem received a hint that the length of his imprisonment depended upon how wide he opened his purse, he knew exactly what must be done. A large sum of money given, with no good grace, to the Cadi's agents, set him free.

Depressed very much, as might be expected, he returned home, and in the utmost disgust with his old shoes, that had caused all the trouble, threw them in the Tigris, which flowed by the town It happened, however, that some fishermen a few days after, drawing in their nets, found them heavily laden—with the shoes. The big nails in the soles had torn the meshes fearfully.

The fishers, indignant at the occurrence, and it being out of their power to get other satisfaction for the injury done, determined to smash Casem's store windows with them. This was carried out. The heavy missiles striking his shelf holding the recently purchased bottles filled with rose-water, brought it and its contents to the floor, doing much damage.

It is easy to now fancy Casem's agony of mind. Tearing his hair and beard out in handfuls, he went stamping about his store like a madman.

"Oh, these shoes—those horrible shoes! But I will fix them at last."

So saying, he got a spade, and dug a deep hole in his garden to bury them. One of his neighbors who did not like him too well, seeing him so engaged, went to the chief of police of Bagdad, and told him him Casem had unearthed a vast treasure of money in his garden.

Nothing more was needed to inflame the cupidity of the officer. He brought the miserable tradesman before him, and, say what he would, he could not convince the chief as to the real facts This gentleman's object was money in hand, and Casem must yield it or suffer Consequently he only obtained his liberty by disbursing a considerable sum.

Rendered almost desperate by this last proceeding, and condemning the shoes from the bottom of his heart, Casem took them to the aqueduct some distance from the city and threw them in, feeling sure he had seen the last of them. But fate not yet satisfied, directed them right into the main pipe which supplied the city with water, and stopped its flow. The workmen immediately sought for the cause, and finding the shoes brought them to the Cadi, alleging that Casem had thrown them there for revenge

The unfortunate owner of the seemingly indestructible footwear was once more arrested, and subjected to a heavier fine than before. In justice, however, the Cadi gave back the shoes to their owner.

Wrought to the highest pitch of fury, he now resolved to burn them, and as they were yet wet from the water of the aqueduct, placed them on his bedroom window-sill to dry.

Here a favorite dog seeing them, began to tease and pull them about. The end was that they fell out, and striking a child that was passing, severely injured it. Another hue and cry was raised, but the father of the child, for a large amount of money, agreed to say nothing about the accident.

Casem, from such a succession of misfortunes, was reduced almost to poverty. And his condition of mind from all causes was most pitiable. Finally, he concluded on an important step.

Taking the shoes one in each hand, he sought an audience of the Cadi, which was granted him.

"I desire your highness," he said on entering, "that you make an edict freeing me from all responsibility in the future on account of these diabolical shoes. I have exhausted the four elements trying to get rid of them, yet they return to torment me. I desire, therefore, to be freed from punishment on account of their crimes."

The Cadi, laughing, published the edict, which exists in the chronicles of the city to this day, pointing the moral that it is possible to carry economy a little too far.

LOVE AND DECEIT.

BY KATHARINE MORTIMER

MRS BLANCHE BERWYN stood leaning in gracefully picturesque attitude against the low rustic fence that led up to the main entrance of Clondesley Lawn, with an eager light in her brown eyes as she looked up in Cleve Cleveland's handsome face

"I am so glad you are enjoying your visit to my sister, Mr Cleveland. Clondesley Lawn is a lovely place in summer, isn't it? And when you see what loads of pretty girls are coming to our garden party next Thursday, you will be more delighted than ever to think you accepted our invitation."

"Yes, a very pretty girl, whom her good natured brother in law, Robert Clondesley, had invited to spend her summer with his wife at their elegant country-seat, for the express purpose of having her secure a valuable catch—Cleve Cleveland if possible

He was almost perfectly handsome. He was tall and well proportioned; his face was fair as a woman's, with a heavy tawny gold moustache drooping over a mouth that, when it smiled, or spoke, had such a way of making women's hearts thrill within them.

And Blanche Berwyn was in no way adverse to this divinity making love to her; and as she leaned against the rustic fence looking at him, the blood was pulsing more warmly and quickly through her veins than was its wont.

"So you think to add other temptations to the potent attractions already offered, by presenting a new bevy of pretty girls, Miss Blanche? Didn't you know I believe the fascinations in that line at Clondesley can not be excelled?"

"Well, I am really very glad you are so well suited Still, I am positive you will enjoy the garden party. The Wheatons are coming—you remember what lovely blondes these twins are, and the Rosatons, and May Barrington, and the Estes—oh, everybody!"

Mr Cleveland switched away at a clump of white petalled daisies with his cane.

"And Miss Seddon—Miss Seddon is coming, I presume?"

He was watching her under his wide-rimmed Panama, and saw, just what he had expected—a change of expression on her fair face.

Her lips curled in a half-hidden sneer as she answered him.

"Oh, Clara Seddon, you mean the girl who lives over at the mill. No, Mr Cleveland, my sister's list does not include her."

And you knew from the cold restraint in this young beauty's voice and manner exactly what she and her people thought of Clara Seddon, and you also knew from Cleve Cleveland's face what he thought of the girl.

Two or three hours later, Cleve Cleveland was walking leisurely down the shady side of the mill stream towards the dilapidated, picturesque old mill beside which the girl lived, with her aged grandfather—the fairest, sweetest girl that Cleveland's artist eyes ever looked upon.

To day she was sitting on the broad, smooth door stone at the cottage entrance. He had reached her side before she was aware of his proximity

"Are you surprised that I had the courage to face a mile and a half of sunshiny road this broiling day?"

"I thought you would not come again at all, Mr. Cleveland, after what I requested of you."

He sprang to his feet in a second.

"And do you suppose for a moment you can invent any foolish excuse to keep me from you? Clara! will you not believe me when I swear I love you and care nothing for the obscurity and poverty you think ought to be a barrier between us! Clara, if you have a heart in your bosom you will tell me you love me and be my loved wife!"

Clara was trembling under the glance of the eyes she dared not meet.

"I thank you for the honor, but it is impossible for me to think I would be doing you the justice you deserve if I acceded to you. Mr Cleveland, I am so worldly wise—I know so well how it is with you—you never saw me until a few weeks ago, and you imagine you care for me because my—my—face pleases you. If you were kind and chari table you would not come here again, you would leave me to go my own way."

And Cleve Cleveland knew, when he went home to Clondesley Lawn, that the one only woman he ever had loved or asked to be his wife had refused him

The next day he went away, nor could all the persuasions or reproaches of Blanche Berwyn induce him to stay for the garden party.

A month later a letter came to him from Mrs Clondesley, announcing her intention of returning to town, and inviting him to call on herself and Blanche; giving various little bits of country gossips, among which was the news that old Mr. Seddon was dead, and that Clara—"pretty Clara"—had left the place, and Cleve Cleveland's heart sank still lower as he realized that she had actually vanished out of his reach.

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The rooms at Mrs Hutchinson's were thronged with the best of fashionable society, and surpassingly elegant in her Parisian costume was Blanche Berwyn, with the sparkles in her brown eyes, and the same lovely grace in every languid motion that had made Cleve Cleveland so admire her three years ago when it had been a flirtation between them.

To night he was there, at Mrs. Hutchinson's, watching her as she stood the centre of an admiring group; and then he was suddenly distracted in his thoughts by the mention of a name that thrilled him to his heart's core

"Miss Seddon! Not the lovely Grecian faced girl who set all the city wild over her last year! What, will she be here to-night?"

"The same Miss Seddon. You've heard the romance of her life—how she was rescued from drowning and adopted by an immensely rich maiden lady who has since died, leaving the whole of her property to the young girl!"

Cleveland listened to the low tones with intense eagerness.

Could it be true! and, while his pulses were yet tingling under the excitement of the news, there was a stir and a flutter among the guests, as were pronounced quite distinctly these two names.

"Mrs Walters and Miss Seddon."

And Cleve Cleveland looked to see the same pure, pale beauty, the same sweet, wistful eyes, the lovely girlish lips that had doomed him to such misery

Ten minutes later he saw her and Blanche Berwyn walk together into the almost deserted music room, and he hurried after them, to be brought to a sudden standstill by the low, clear tones of Miss Seddon's voice—the same sweet sweet voice

"You can scarcely suppose this meeting affords me any pleasure, Miss Berwyn, when I remember the last time I saw you. But you wished me to come here to meet. If you please, in what way can I be of service?"

She was haughty as a duchess, and Blanche knew she had met a foeman worthy her steel.

"You can be of no service to me whatever, Miss Seddon. I simply wished to see you, that you might assure me of the renewal of our compact which, you remember, was, that you would never betray the confidence I placed in you when I went to you and for your own sake, warned you against the attention of Mr Cleveland, to whom I was, and am, engaged. That's all."

Cleveland stood petrified

"Thanks very much, Miss Berwyn. When I promised you I would not tell the gratuitous information you gave me, I intended to keep my promise, because I believed you. To night, I tell you, I believe you played me false then as I believe you are playing me false now. There need be no further discussion between us, Miss Berwyn."

And, as she bowed, Cleve Cleveland stepped between them.

"Miss Seddon! Clara! My darling!—yes my darling from the very first I understand it all now, why you refuse me—oh! Clara! tell me you love me now as I have loved you all this long, weary while!"

A glow of happiness brightened her exquisite face.

"Mr. Cleveland! I always loved you—I do now. If you are not engaged——"

He drew her hand through his arm and turned to Miss Berwyn, with his eyes smiling sarcastically.

"It is really a very great compliment you pay me in declaring yourself my betrothed wife, but, begging pardon for the discourtesy, I must beg to disclaim it."

He bowed coolly, as though they had met in the grand chain of the lancers, and Blanche Berwyn got herself out, and went home, despairing for the first time in her life since she had known him, that there was no hope for her, while Cleve and Clara were happy as their previous discipline of endurance and misery deserved.

THE USES OF TAR.—This substance, by the aid of chemical art, has been lifted up from its lowly place, and now stands forth as the source of some of the most useful products in the arts; but its horrible color and odor have been transmuted into the most beautiful dyes and the most delicious flavors. Among other products of gas tar as of insufferable smell is benzole, which, with nitric acid, produces nitrobenzole, a body resembling in odor bitter almonds. It is greatly used for the purpose of perfuming soap. Benzole itself is a body of great solvent powers; and one of the most effective removers of grease stains known. Naptha is a product of this tar—the source of light in many factories removed from gas works; when treated with turpentine it is camphine, and illuminates our drawing rooms. Naptha is also used in dissolving the various gums, rosins, etc; india rubber, gutta percha, and by instrumentality a hundred new substances are introduced to the world. Aniline, the base of the dyes bearing that name, is obtained from the action of hydrogen or nitro-benzole. Almost all the colors of the rainbow issue from it; but in the absence of all color lampblack is made by burning with slight access of air the least volatile component of gas tar. Among the heavy oils of tar are some which, with the heavy oils are effective in preserving wood from rotting, and tar creosote, carbolic acid, which is a most powerful antiseptic. But perhaps the most interesting of all the productions of coal tar is solid paraffine, a colorless, crystaline fatty substance, which may be truly termed "condensed coal gas" It is found naturally in the coal measures but the greater bulk is obtained from coal tar. The oil produced, from paraffine will only burn in the presence of a wick, and is, therefore, perfectly safe. These are the only a few of its valuable uses

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SUGAR.—Sugar is of modern use only. Humboldt says that in China it was known and used in ancient times; but if known at all in western Asia or Europe, till within the last few centuries, it was only as travelers brought it as remembrances of foreign climes and distant travel There is some foundation for the idea that it was not entirely unknown to the ancient Greeks. We find in the classics mention made of honey that bees did not make and honey from reeds—the sugar cane being a reed. From their expressions it is thought that sugar is meant, as all sweet articles were included in the term honey in early days. Pliny says there is a kind of honey from reeds which is like gum and it is used as a medicine. Some allusions in the Bible seem to refer to sugar and honey. In later times, it is said that the Crusaders found sweet honeyed canes growing in the meadows of Tripoli; that they sucked these canes and were delighted with the operation, that these canes were cultivated with great care, and, when ripe were pounded in mortars, and the juice was strained and dried to a solid, like salt; that, mixed with bread it was more pleasant than honey. In 1420 the Portuguese brought the cane to Spain. Madeira, and Canaries, and thence it was carried to the West Indies and Brazil

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Two very pretty women—one hard of mind and heart, the other witty and charitable—were discussing the characteristics of a beautiful hand. They did not agree, and referred to a friend who was present. "I could not decide," said the latter; "but ask the poor and unfortunate, and they will say that the prettiest hand is the hand which gives."

DROPPING A SEED.

BY L. L. COSHAM.

The land was still; the skies were gray with weeping;
Into the soft brown earth the seed she cast:
Oh! soon, she cried, will come the time of reaping,
The golden time when clouds and tears are past,
There comes a whisper through the autumn haze,
"Yes, thou shalt find it after many days."

Hour after hour she marks the fitful gleaming
Of sunlight stealing through the cloudy rift;
Hour after hour she lingers, idly dreaming,
To see the rain fall and the dead leaves drift;
Oh! for some small green sign of life, she prays,
Have I not watched and waited "many days?"

At early morning, chilled and sad she hearkens
To stormy winds that through the poplars blow;
For over hill and plain the heavens darken,
Her field is covered with a shroud of snow:
Ah, Lord! she signs, are these thy loving ways?
He answers, "Spake I not of *many* days?"

The snowdrop blooms, the purple violet glistens
On banks of moss that take the sparkling showers;
Half cheered, half-doubting yet, she strays and listens
To finches singing to the shy young flowers;
A little longer still his love delays
The promised blessing—"after many days."

O happy world, she cries, the sun is shining:
Above the soil I see the springing green:
I could not trust his word without repining,
I could not wait in peace for things unseen:
Forgive me, Lord; my soul is full of praise;
My doubting heart prolonged thy "many days."

FLOWER SUPERSTITIONS.

IN the Tyrol, it is said, that by binding rue, broom, maiden hair, agrimony and ground ivory into one bundle, the bearer is enabled to see witches. To prevent pearls from becoming discolored, it is sufficient to keep them shut up with a piece of sea root. The golden rod points to hidden springs of water as well as to treasures of gold and silver. The hazel branch has similar properties, but it is only in properly qualified hands that it displays its virtues.

The large rag-mood served witches as horses when they took their midnight rides; and when they "won't do penance for their crime, they bathed themselves in origane and thyme." Circe, being rejected by a youth whom she loved, turned him into a brutal shape for refusing her love.

An old saying: "Rosemary only grows well where the mistress is master. It thrives best when stolen from a neighbor's garden. He that has sage in his garden need never die."

Garlic is sown with oaths and curses to insure a crop. Parsley seed is apt to come up only partially, as the devil takes his tithe of it. In the Southern States the negroes consider it unlucky to transplant parsley from an old home to a new one.

In Derbyshire, England, they say that if the sun shines through the apple trees on Christmas day it insures a good crop. In Greece, as well as in England, walnut trees are beaten that they may bear well.

"Women and walnuts in one thing agree,
That the more they are beaten the better they'll be."

If you omit to put your foot on the first daisy you see in spring, daisies will grow over you, or some one dear to you, ere the year is out.

In some parts of Ireland it is unlucky to bring blossoming hawthorn indoors. A Welsh superstition says if there are withered leaves in a room where a baby is christened the baby will soon fade away. The negroes of Trinidad say that any one cutting down a silk cotton tree will die within a year. The wolf's bane is in Greece credited with many malignant influences. The fevers so common in the neighborhood of Corinth were attributed to it.

A Chinese legend relates that a pious hermit who in his watchings and prayers had often been overtaken by sleep, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground; but a god caused a tea-shrub to spring out of them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes, and possess the gift of hindering sleep.

Lovers have in all ages used plants as a means of testing the truth or falsehood of the loved ones. The garden scene in Faust is a well known illustration of the use of the petals of the bluet for this purpose. In France, the ox-eye daisy or paquerette, is used.

The downy seeds of the dandelion or hawkweed, which children blow off to find out the hour of the clock, tells not only whether the lover loves, but whether he lives east or west, north or south; and whether he is coming or not:

"Will he come? I pluck the flower-leaves off,
And at each, cry yes, no, yes;
I blow the down from the dry hawkweed,
Once, twice, hah! it flies amiss!"

Box or bay leaves crushed in the hollow of the hand tell the truth of the lover by the crackling sound made. Poppy leaves for a similar reason were called tell-tales:

"By prophetic poppy leaf I found
Your changed affection, for it gave no sound,
Though in my hand struck hollow as it lay,
But quickly withered like your love away."

COURTESY OF TONGUE AND HEART.—Courtesy is, perhaps, little affected by conditions of time. But in all persons and at all periods it may be brought into ill-fame by hypocrisy or exaggeration. It has a tendency to become that mere mouth-honor and breath which the heart, as Macbeth says, would fain deny; a name of words, a dress coat, a shadow of amiability, a sesame never to be forgotten before the doors of society, but out of mind and rejected to no purpose when one is at home. "Too polite to be honest" is a well-known proverb.

The courtesy of all times has been, perhaps, in this sense more than half unreal. The story of the Spaniard offering his watch to a friend who admired it is a new one. The friend promptly accepted the hidalgo's offer, and held out his hand to receive the golden gift. "Where," then said the Castillian, with extreme banteur, replacing his watch in his waistcoat pocket, "where, senor, is your politeness? That which I in courtesy offered to you, you were bound by that same courtesy to refuse." This kind of civility may be called the beauty of the tongue, as Voltaire called true courtesy the beauty of the heart. It is a pinchbeck generosity, which, however false, has a certain social value. It conceals unpleasant moral deformities. When ably assumed it palliates selfishness, as paint judiciously put on palliates wrinkles. It is the polish of our conversational furniture. This is the kind of courtesy which Dr Johnson, with his accustomed moroseness of disposition, called cant, the noxious weed which he advised Boswell to eradicate with all diligence, if not from his speech, at least from his understanding.

Even the term "compliments," which originally meant all those minor delicacies of behavior that may be said to complete the virtue of courtesy, now means very little if anything. Our ancient coarseness and rocky hardness of speech has been smoothed and rounded into such forms as these, which, tumbled to and fro by the waves of conversation, become of less and less moment, and finally disappear. Courtesy has been degraded into a mere act of physical respect, a bending of the body and the knees, originally belonging to both sexes, afterward confined to one, and now nearly or entirely obsolete.

Courtesy may also suffer from exaggeration. By too much courtesy we become discourteous, and excess of civility makes us uncivil. A gentleman of infinite complaisance was about to take leave of another of like disposition. The latter insisted on seeing him at the door of his house. The former refused, and after many gracious words locked the door on his host and ran down the staircase; but the host, opening his window, lightly leapt into the street and was ready to hand his guest into his carriage. "You might have broken your neck," said the entertained. "True," replied the entertainer, "but better so than the canons of politeness."

Grains of Gold.

The generality of people judge of us by our reputation or fortune.

Did we not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never hurt us.

We confess small faults, in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

Never ridicule what others deem to be sacred, however absurd it appears to you.

Had we no faults ourselves, we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.

Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.

It is easier to appear worthy of the employments we are not possessed of, than of those we are.

He that pursues virtue, only to surpass others, is not far from wishing others less forward than himself.

One of the best springs of generous and worthy actions is having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves.

Never, from a mistaken economy, buy a thing you do not want, because it is cheap; or, from a silly pride, because it is dear.

We must not think it sufficient that we do any thing merely well; but we ought to make it our study to do everything gracefully also.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect every thing from themselves: and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect every thing from God.

Though there have been some eminent instances to the contrary, an absent man is generally either a very weak or a very affected man; he is, at all events, a disagreeable man in company.

The fidelity of most men is one of the arts of self-love to procure confidence. It is the means to raise us above others, by making us the depositaries of momentous concerns.

The hatred of favorites is nothing more than the love of favor. Our indignation at not possessing it ourselves is soothed and mitigated by the contempt we express for those who do.

Remember to make a great difference between companions and friends; for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may, and often does, prove a very improper and dangerous friend.

There are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter.

Pursue steadily, and without fear or shame, whatever your reason tells you is right, and what you see is practised by people of more experience than yourself, and of established characters of good sense and good breeding.

Our thoughts, like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards heaven will lose all their bitterness and saltness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men.

It is not every man that can afford to wear a shabby coat; and worldly wisdom dictates to her disciples the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living within them; for every one sees how we dress, but none see how we live, except we choose to let them.

The good make a better bargain, and the bad a worse, than is usually supposed: for the rewards of the one, and the punishments of the other, not unfrequently begin on this side of the grave; vice has more martyrs than virtue; and it often happens that men suffer more to be lost than to be saved.

Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night when I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke when I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of your brethren."

Lemmimities.

In Germany the ladies take their knitting to the beer garden.

How true it is that women do not disapprove of their rivals; they hate them!

A young lady resembles ammunition, because the powder is needed before the ball.

The three daughters of the Secretary of State are all to be married during the present year.

A cynic says women are so full of their own secrets, that it is impossible for them to keep others.

A New York town has a growing girl of 17 who now touches seven feet, and is still evolving upward.

A young lady speaking of one of her aversions, said: "He's almost a perfect brute; he only lacks instinct."

It is very mean to ask a man whose wife is a shrew if it is hot enough for him, or if its cold enough for him.

A lady bearing that a tunnel coat $2 000 a yard, importuned her husband to buy her a dress of that material.

Mrs Elizabeth Thompson, the English philanthropist, during the last sixteen years, has given away about $500 000.

"The one thing," says Jean Paul, "which a maiden most easily forgets is how she looks—hence mirrors were invented."

Coffee, a Peoria youth of 19 years, has been adjudged to pay a widow $25 for blighted affections. She is 50, and a grandmother.

George Eliot, the recently dead English authoress, was proficient in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish.

Victorus—to persist in kissing a pretty, black-eyed girl, when she resolutely declares she wishes you not to. It looks just as though you wouldn't take her word.

The Tennessee Legislature has chosen a woman as engrossing clerk. The susceptible bald-headed members swear that she is the most engrossing clerk they ever had.

Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread, it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would swallow mighty hard.

Benson removed the body of his mother in-law from the old cemetery the other day, and he says he could find nothing but her jaw, which was in a perfect state of preservation.

Boy (to a lady visito): "Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winkin' at me." Teacher: "Well, then, don't look at her." Boy: "But if I don't look at her she'll wink at somebody else."

A very pretty girl has been doing a large business in the West by claiming one person after another for her husband, and extorting $10, $20, and $50 from each to keep the matter silent.

Many a home has been happily saved and many a fortune retrieved, by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance.

A Michigan girl took a dose of strychnine. Soon afterwards a pet poodle licked her face and was killed by the poison on her lips. The woman recovered from the dose; the dog it was that died.

Edwin Booth, the actor, is said to possess a portrait of his first wife which is kept entwined with flowers by his present wife, and under it is written, "From Mary on earth to Mary in heaven."

Somebody observed in the presence of a woman hater that it is a curious fact that girls never learn to play marbles. "Nothing curious about it," he interposed; "the sex, even at that age, are too stuck up to knuckle down."

A young student was asked by his sweetheart, who had an uncommonly thick head of hair, what he thought of it, and absently answered he thought it would present a fine field for the study of natural history. They were never married.

"Mamma, I don't 'bink the people who make dolls are very pious people," said a little girl to her mother one day. "Why not, my child?" "Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."

A warning to brides was given at a recent Chicago wedding, at which there were six ushers, eight bridesmaids and a best man. The wedding party got safely into the church, but the struggle of the bridesmaids for the odd man on coming out was a sight to behold.

Skye terriers were the pets of the ladies until they found something quieter, and pugs are now in highest favor. It has long been a study for scientists to discover why homely men are so fortunate in getting the prettiest wives, and this may give them a hint to work upon.

A Southwark maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage, and takes a young lady to the theatre and a supper afterward, and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates, ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away than we have.

"O Edward," said a fond young wife, as she leaned upon her husband's manly shoulder and toyed with his auburn tresses, "let us be buried in one grave." "Yes, dearest," replied the dealer in stocks, "shall I tell the undertaker to come up and measure us now or wait until to-morrow."

Neither of them was over ten years old. One leaned against the fence and the other rubbed his back against a lamp-post, and they eyed each other for a long time. Then one of them said: "My mother has got a new sealskin sacque, and your's haint." "I don't care," replied the other, "she frizzes her hair and uses paint, and that's just as tony."

Two little girls played together in the garden of the Tuileries. After awhile they separated, each to return to her parents. One of the little girls, an adorable blonde baby, resisted the caresses of her papa, one of our most distinguished lawyers. "Don't papa," she whispered imperiously, "I have just told that little girl that you are one of my servants."

A new kind of telegraph has been suggested, namely: to place a line of women at the distance of fifty paces from each other, and then commit to the first the news to be transmitted, as a profound secret. It is confidently thought that there would be greater dispatch secured by such a plan than by any telegraph now in operation. We don't pretend to say how it would "work" though.

News Notes.

Marie Rose has been photographed in 158 positions.

An ossified cat is the latest New York sensation.

President Grevy, of France, has a salary of $240 000 per annum.

The old fashioned kissing bee has been revived in Connecticut.

Square umbrellas are the admitted fashion of stylish Parisians.

Scenes are now painted to match the dresses of the star actress.

Warmed molasses and mustard make a good plaster for stiff neck.

Clerical looking collars in high standing bands are worn by ladies.

Two hundred paper barrels a day can be made by machines now in use.

Long black kid gloves have roses embroidered on the arm above the wrist.

In Siam the penalty for telling a falsehood is to have the mouth sewed up.

A man and his wife simultaneously went insane at an Indiana camp-meeting.

There are already fourteen papers in the United States named the Telephone.

The late E. A. Sothern, the actor, is said to have earned an annual income of $157 000.

In Japan male laborers receive thirty five dollars per annum, and female hands ten dollars.

General Winfield Scott Hancock has been elected President of the National Rifle Association.

A bird with brilliant plumage is worn instead of the corsage bouquet with some evening toilettes.

Sandwiches were named after the Earl of Sandwich, a nobleman who flourished in the reign of George III.

A Michigan woman named Williams, as a sacrifice to the Lord, recently severed her tongue with a razor.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, who boasts that he never wears an overcoat, is confined to the house with rheumatism.

A Canada prophet predicts fifty three years of war after 1891, and announces the millenium to begin in 1945.

Wendell Phillips says that no reform, moral or intellectual, ever came down from the upper classes of society.

Cincinnati has a Sunday school class of 32 Chinamen, all of whom are apparently sincere converts to Christianity.

Gen. Drum is said to be the only private soldier who has risen to be a brigadier-general in the United States Army.

The first declaration of the Superintendent of the Census is that the total population of the United States is 50 152 556.

Mules are longer lived and much hardier than horses. A South Carolina gentleman had one which attained the age of eighty.

Some pious people of Puget Sound have cut off a big hollow tree forty feet from the ground, and made a church in the stump.

Payne, the author of the song, "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home of his own, and died and was buried in a foreign land.

Down East ice men are putting away two years' supply, the supply being abundant, and the blocks from fifteen to twenty inches thick.

They say that two of the daughters of Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, are en route to America, and will be secured for public exhibition.

A bill-poster stuck circus advertisements on the sides of a Chicago horse while the driver was out of sight, and has been sued for damages.

The bequest of Armour, the wealthy pork packer of Chicago, of $100 000 for the support of a mission, has been condemned by the socialists of that city.

It is said to be a singular fact that, with the exception of Turkey, every reigning royal family in Europe has some of the blood of Mary Stuart in its veins.

A Maine man made a will when he was one hundred years old, and executed a codicil afterward. He died last summer, aged 101, and now an effort is being made to break the will.

A new rule of the fire department of Cleveland, Ohio, requires that the firemen shall be at least five feet six inches in height, and weigh not less than two pounds to the inch in height.

An undertaker in the Irish county of Down has been "boycotted," every man in the neighborhood having entered into a solemn engagement "not to ride in the blackguard's hearse."

Humboldt says that in the 13th century the habit of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society. This and a few other startling facts should be kept before those persons who are constantly prating about "good old times."

An ingenious machine has been devised for separating sound cranberries in a barrel from the unsound. They are poured into it at the rate of six barrels an hour, and the sound ones, having elasticity, bound over a barrier, while those decayed remain.

Three Bradford county boys gathered some nitro-glycerine cans and built a fire around them. Enough of the deadly compound adhered to the sides to make a good scatter. The total of injuries were three heads of hair destroyed, four feet partially skinned, three ears impaired in beauty, and any number of finger-nails taken off.

Among the duties of a new Viceroy of Ireland is the ceremony at his first drawing-room of kissing each lady debutante on the cheek, but the present Viceroy has been scared by the statement that a heroine of the Land League proposes to bite his nose off when she appears at the reception. Kissing goes by favor, but biting noses is not near so pleasant.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE of any one suffering from Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, or any Pulmonary Affection, we would refer them to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will in all cases afford speedy relief, and in most, effect a speedy cure.

New Publications.

"Madame Bovary," by Gustave Flaubert, is a novel of continual action, a scene which might pass without startling the imagination, and which needs no invention to describe it, while the movement and the coloring help to make the illusion perfect. In it Madame Bovary is found everywhere, and in the centre of everything. She is a woman who wishes to rise above her class, has vague and extraordinary aspirations, is dissatisfied with her lot, contaminated by a vague sentimentality; while at last her pride turns against herself, and she disappears from her role of wife and mother, and dies from the follies which have surrounded her. The work, interesting as it is as a novel, must also be regarded a careful study. Madame Bovary is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, in a large duodecimo volume, paper cover. Price, 75 cents.

"Quiet Hours" is the title of a second series of collected poems published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. The poems, which number some two hundred, are all short, and the best possible taste has been shown in their selection. They include examples from the best and most cultured writers in the language, past and present. They are variously chosen as having a bearing upon, and are grouped under, the headings of Nature, Morning and Evening, Inward Strife, Life and Duty, Prayer and Aspiration, Trust and Adoration, Heaven and the Saints, with a few miscellaneous. To those whose time for reading poetry is limited, these may be recommended. There is also a list of the authors selected from, and a convenient index of first line. The printing, binding, etc., is of the neatest character. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price $1 00.

"History of the Conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors, with a Sketch of the Civilization they Achieved and Imparted to Europe." Such is the title of a work just issued in two finely-printed and bound volumes, by Henry Coppee, of Lehigh University. While the author expresses himself as having tried to produce a work for the general public, it is hardly this in the usual sense. It is rather an attempt to present in a concise form all the circumstances bearing upon the subject without unnecessary verbiage. And in this he has admirably succeeded. For the scholar whose time is limited, and for the reader of the better class who labors under the same disadvantage, no more valuable book is attainable on this theme. It gives the gist of the best authorities in a convenient, compact form, and omits nothing essential to a complete survey of the subject. Indeed the disposition of the writer to be thorough and accurate, goes so far as to use the vernacular spelling of names rather than those forms custom has given them in English. When we say that it hardly possesses popular qualities in the usual sense, we mean that nothing has been sacrificed of necessary order or arrangement of fact merely to increase the reader's interest. While the subject itself cannot help but be in a measure romantic, and every proper advantage of composition has been utilized, it is to the solid reader and scholar that it appeals strongest. These will find it an invaluable addition to their library. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; and for sale by Claxton & Co., this city.

MAGAZINES.

The Nursery well carries out its design of being a magazine for youngest readers. All of the articles (and it contains many) are exactly calculated, in length, subject, variety, manner of treatment, illustrations, etc., to engage the attention and improve the minds of children. Nothing better of its class could be desired. Nursery Publishing Company, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. Price, $1 50 a year.

A magazine which parents can well see in the hands of their younger children, is Our Little Ones, published by the Russell Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Its contained matter is all by writers experienced in writing for children, and is as good as money can purchase, or talent supply. In type, illustrations, paper, etc., the best has been aimed at and attained. The number for February is now before us. Certainly a rarity in literature of this kind, every article in the book is accompanied by splendid pictures. The price of this beautiful monthly visitor is $1 50 per year.

The United Service, in its adaptation to those interested in matters pertaining to the army and navy, is a magazine that cannot be surpassed in the world. The February number contains, among other articles, the following: "The Progress Toward a Written Law of War," the Return of the Remains to the Queen of England," "The Organization and Employment of the German Artillery," "The Gun's Repulsive Force," "A Question of Quarters," "War-Ships and Navies of the World," "Army Catastrophies," "Naval Food and Clothing," "Army Items from Europe," Editorial Notes, etc., etc. It takes notes of the most important and interesting events relating to its specialties, and treats them in a clear and entertaining manner. Hammersley & Co., Phila., publishers.

The January number of the Magazine of Art maintains that periodical's high standard of excellence. The frontispiece is a copy of Hermann Schneider's picture, "Vandyke Painting the children of Charles I." Illustrated essays are on "Treasure Houses of Art," "The Decoration of the Home," "The Exposition National at Brussels," "Wood Carving," "The Grotesque in Art," and several other subjects. Other engravings and articles include the "Finishing Touch," "The Exile in the Field," "A Smile of Complacency," "Bundle of Rue," "Our Living Artists," "Exhibition of Scottish Art," "Alma-Tadema," "Francis Arago," etc., etc. This is certainly one of the most magnificent works of its kind published, and is an ornament to any house. Cassell Petter & Co., publishers, 739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for February, published by Appleton & Co., New York, contains the following articles: "The Development of Political Institutions," by Herbert Spencer; "Origin of the Plow and Wheel-Carriage," by E. B. Taylor, F. R. S., (illustrated;) "Physical Education," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "Horses and Their Feet," by Sir George W. Cox; "Domestic Motors," by Chas. M. Lungren; "The Value of Accomplishments," by William A. Eddy; "Darwin on the Movements of Plants," by Eliza A. Youmans, (illustrated;) "Atmospheric Electricity," by Professor H. S. Carhart, "Optical Illusions of Motion," by Silvanus P. Thompson, B. A., D. SC. (illustrated;) "Evolution of the Chemical Elements," by Lester F. Ward; "Only a Vine Slip," by Thomas G. Appleton; "The November Meteors," by Prof. Daniel Kirkwood; "Prehistoric Scenes en Fete," "Sketch of Count Pourtales, (with portrait); Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, etc., etc. The Monthly is equal to anything of the kind published in the world. Price, 50 cents per number.

THE WISE DOG.

There was a canine mother once,
Whose children numbered four—
Their little, frisky, pleasant ways
Were her world's richest store.

The days passed on, and fairer grew
The objects of her pride.
She loved them so, she rarely cared
To have them leave her side.

But life is strange. Quite near her lived
A butcher, strong and stout—
Who dealt in first-class sausages
To all the folks about.

One day her puppies disappeared—
But where she hardly knew;
Tho' oft she tried to seek them out,
She never found a clue.

Then at the last, her labor vain—
Her heart with sorrow sore—
The neighbors saw her hanging crape
Onto the butcher's door.

—P. H. D.

The World of Humor.

All the year round—The earth.

Taken on the spot—The measles.

A good prophet—One hundred per cent.

Has an off-hand way with it—A circular-saw.

Scarlet fever—Madly in love with a girl with tinted hair.

Firemen, as well as other people, like to talk of their old flames.

Why are lawmakers never arrested for passing worthless bills?

Talk about winter sports! Don't you see base ballers in summer!

"None but the brave deserve their hair," is how the aborigines put it.

Buckwheat cakes are considered the best kind of a liver pad at present.

A man who wears a ten-cent piece on his shirt-front calls it his dime and pin.

"The best imported gloves made here," wasn't a bad sign; that is, morally.

We hear of a grocer who calls his scales "ambush," because they lie in weight.

"The good dye young," said Simpkins, as he enshrouded his inoffensive moustache in a sable cloud.

A young man who is in love is not necessarily a mathematician, but is nearly always a sigh for her.

A facetious burglar who had broken in to an editor's house, said the only thing he struck was a match.

Insanity is no cause for divorce in Wisconsin. They think a person must be crazy in the first place to marry.

A man never looks so much like a red-handed villain as when he is told by the photographer to "look pleasant."

"Love," says a writer, "lightens the heart." It has been known to have precisely the same effect upon the pocket book.

An enterprising reporter, writing up a wreck at sea, stated that no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.

The first duty of a sailor is to learn all the ropes. It is just about the same with the man who wants to get a drink in temperance Vermont.

A man whose name we shan't mention, is at present in the enjoyment of a dog that is said to be so crooked as to be unable to curl up on a mat.

The Shakspearian lecturer who was egged off the platform in Oshkosh not a great while since, still believes "there's something rotten in hen-mark."

Jones thinks a man is fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he wedded Mrs. J.

A story in three chapters: Chapter I.—Jones started a drug store. Chapter II.—His cash ran out. Chapter III.—Jones followed his cash.

A man loses his health, and leaves America, where he lost it, to go to Europe, where he didn't lose it, to recover it. Isn't the American mind getting mixed?

Wheat has fallen fifteen cents a bushel during the past week, but the interest on mortgages has remained the same. It takes a pretty hard season to depress a mortgage on a farm.

In reply to the question, "What are the wild waves saying?" we would suggest that it must be, "Come and see us next summer, and don't forget that we charge $4 a day for board."

Notice—The person who stole "Songs of the Sanctuary" from pew No. 83 should improve the opportunity of singing them here, as she will not have the opportunity of singing them hereafter.

In a little country church recently a woman brought twins to be christened. "What names?" asked the clergyman. "Cherubim and Seraphim," said the woman, "for they continually do cry."

Traveling along the sea-coast of Florida, a gentleman, noting the barrenness of the country, asked a native, "What do you live on here?" "Live on?" replied the man; "why, on fish and strangers."

Brown gave his wife an elegant umbrella for her birthday present. "Be very careful of it," he said to her. "Oh, be easy, dear; I'll use it only on Sundays and holidays, and then only when the weather is fine."

Senior asks professor a very profound question. Professor—"Sir, a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." Senior—"Then, I suppose that's the reason why so many of us flunk."

It is perfectly proper to speak of a man's magnificent dome of thought, or his Websterian brow, but when you speak of a red-headed gentleman as the man with the gilded dome, ten chances to one he will not feel flattered.

A poor excuse is better than none at all. When a boy was called to account for going fishing on Sunday, he replied, "I know I do, but then before the fish begin to bite I always whistle out one of Moody and Sankey's tunes."

"John, what are your boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots, and gives you the meat you eat?" "My father."

The intelligent printer got it into type that it was a "damnation" party, and the poor minister who had been afflicted with a donation party didn't kick a bit, or request any of his sturdy congregation to go 'round and kill the editor.

It takes a country schoolmaster for shrewdness. When the weather is cold, and the schoolhouse imperfectly heated, he puts the head of the class nearest the stove, and then all the scholars work like beavers to rank high in their studies.

"I think," said a fond parent, "that little Jimmy is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat, and sits all day by the stove and thinks." You had better grease him all over. He is going to have the measles. That's what ails Jimmy.

There are lots of people who will tell you that they put no faith in Mother Shipton's prophecy that the world will come to an end this year, and yet will jump and have a scared look in their eyes when they suddenly hear the noise caused by the dumping of a load of coal.

A philosopher graphically illustrates the difference between a blunder and a mistake. "When a man puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good one," said Josh, "he makes a mistake, but when he puts down a good one, and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder."

It all depends on how you look at these ancestors. One little aristocratic girl was yesterday boasting that her forefathers came over with the Pilgrims, when another wee maiden, whose widowed mother had recently married, said: "'Shaw, go 'long with your old duds: I've got a brand new father."

A store was broken into one night, but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his boast of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Nothing at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high they couldn't afford to take them."

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a ship-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer not being well up to the use of the rule, after spending considerable time, returned. "Now, Mister Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule, and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth o' my hand from here to there, bar a finger."

A farmer, finding a dozen of his men idly stretched out on the ground offered a dollar to the one who was the laziest of the lot. Eleven jumped up, claiming the reward, each asserting himself to be the laziest piece of humanity in the universe. The money, however, was awarded to the twelfth, who had slothfully kept his position, and when it was tendered to him, murmured out, "Can't you put it in my pocket?"

Nothing purifies and enriches the blood and destroys all poisons in the system like Hop Bitters.

It was told, as a good-natured joke, of an old doctor, that being on a visit to a village where he had spent the earlier part of his life in practice, he one morning before breakfast went into a church-yard near the house where he was stopping. Breakfast being placed upon the table, the doctor was inquired for. "I believe," said the servant, who had seen where he went, "that he has gone to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

It would save a great deal of embarrassment, and perhaps add to their emoluments, if clergymen generally were to charge a fixed rate for marrying couples—say $5 for the first offense, $10 for the second, $20 for the third, and so on. They might even issue tickets as they do in milk factories, with a reduction to persons taking a quantity. In order to encourage lawful wedlock, the job should be done very cheaply to young couples, but the clergy should take it out of wild owers and old bachelors.

A down town debating society is now wrestling over the question recently propounded: "Why do not cows sit down to rest the same way as dogs?"

"How is it that Wilkins and his wife live so happily together? Why, they have been married twenty-two years and have never had a row." Oh, that is a very simple matter! She is out washing the whole day, and he is a night watchman.

Fashion Notes—Coupons are not cut by us this year. Railroads have long trains and are trimmed with rich dividends. Checks are very fashionable, but not common. Stripes are much worn at Sing Sing and Moyamensing. Figures are much sought after; $100 000 is a very pretty one. Undressed kid will be used for children's bathing suits next summer. Birds are used for bonnets, and the bills are very large. Night dresses with a good nap are the best. Old gold is still put in stockings. Thin, flat pocketbooks are in style since Christmas and New Year.

This space was formerly occupied by the advertisement of "Rev. Jos. T. Inman." As we are credibly informed no such person exists, and the parties claiming to represent him are exposed as frauds in Anthony Comstock's new book, "Frauds Exposed," we have cancelled the order for its insertion.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 26 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

CANVASSERS Make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

Weakness and sickness changed to health and strength with Hop Bitters, always. See another column.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

No Time Should be Lost

If the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective, safe and long known medicine. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

NERVOUS DEBILITY
HUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, and promptly HOMEOPATHIC is radically cured by it. Been in use 20 years. —is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. [illegible]

LADIES AND GENTS' FLEXIBLE Rubber Mittens.

As elegant in appearance as black kid mittens which they closely resemble. Just the thing for ladies to wear to hang out clothes in winter. Just the thing for clergymen, doctors, carriage drivers, and everybody. Fleece lined, warm as toast, and cheapest thing of the kind in the world.

Sample pair by mail 30 cents; 3 pairs for $1. Circulars free. Large discount to agents.
AMERICAN MANUFACTURING CO.,
Franklin, Massachusetts.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address,
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FREE 25 Imported useful Household Articles for Samples and Agents catalogue for a 3c. stamp to pay postage and packing to all those who mention this paper. London Importing Co., 22, 24 & 26 4th Ave., N. Y.

30 Happy Day, Chromo, Lace &c. Cards, with name & morocco case 10c. H M Glick, Meriden Conn.

MUSICAL WONDER—the marvelous Organina. Theo. J. Harbach, 1123 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

50 Gold and Floral Chromo Cards No 2 alike 10c. Agents sig outfit 10c. Card Factory, Shelton, Ct.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE,

CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA,

SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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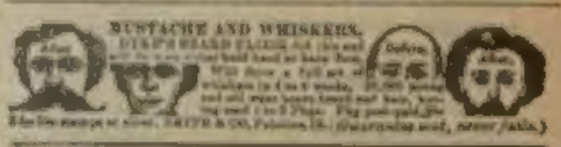

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

ONE of the most decided changes in dress is the attempt to introduce full sleeves, an attempt which is wisely begun in the winter, as even the Parisienne herself is loth to adopt so severe a change from the glove-like sleeves so long worn. And there exists some reason for the prejudice—if so severe a name must be given to a matter of taste—for full sleeves are certainly not pretty when they are composed of thick fabrics suitable for winter wear, although nothing can be more charming than the full sleeve of Madras or Indian muslin, of tulle, or of mousseline de soie. Pretty arms are improved, and the defects of plain arms are mercifully concealed from our gaze by this delicate veil. Some months must elapse before the complete adoption of this mode, and this will bring us to the sweet summer days; and we may probably, if the weather be but propitious, see the return of muslin gowns and gigot sleeves modernized, etherealized, and the girls to 'si looking as "sweet and shy" as they did in '61. Low dresses are even now made with short "pent-house" sleeves, covering the shoulder and upper part of the arm, an innovation that will give great satisfaction to young ladies with thin arms.

Tightly-gloved hands, stiff and paralyzed, as it were, in their kid casings, are no longer considered elegant. The peau de Suede glove reigns and triumphs, to the exclusion of that of dressed kid. For mornings and afternoons undressed kids of the natural or medium color are worn for dinners and soirees; they are of light delicate tints, while for balls they are white. In all circumstances they must be very long, very loose, and without buttons—three conditions essential at present for elegance.

In speaking of change in dress and gloves reminds me of another change, in which the oracles of Fashion predict the revival of the Empress Josephine style of short waists and long trains.

The hair also is to undergo a change. The fringe on the forehead is to be retained, and the chignon at the nape of the neck; but instead of the front being quite plain, it is to fall in curls at the side.

All the new soft and pale shades are preferred for ball or evening toilettes. Soft stuffs and pale colors—such is the order of the day for these toilettes, which are made of white, pale blue, or soft pink surah. The skirt is often composed of several draperies—in general, six—three on each side, which cross slightly in the middle of the front, and are lost at the other extremity in the elaborate drapings of the long back breadth. The draperies of the front are arranged in three or four horizontal pleats, the lower edge being trimmed with very wide moss fringe. That of the lower drapery falls on a flounce with large box pleats, surrounded by two or three puffs; for the bottom of skirts is always much trimmed, both above and below.

A charming ball toilette of white satin has a low rounded corsage and tunic richly embroidered with white beads, forming a long point at the left side, under which are added pleatings of satin bordered with white beaded lace; the long undulating train is ornamented with a spray of white roses.

A short toilette of white satin, high to the neck, has the edge of the basques covered with a deep-pleated flounce headed with three pleatings.

A toilette of blue satin trimmed with white lace open en coeur, the lace carried round the opening, and terminating at the point under a large bow of blue satin. The tunic of satin is pointed and draped in regular folds to the waist in front, the sides being left plain, and only slightly draped towards the edge; the long train is formed into large pleats, and the tunic is trimmed with lace similar to that on the corsage.

Evening dresses of light brocade are trimmed with China crape scarfs, forming the overskirt, or with embroidery on tulle, the latter playing the part of canvas in tapestry—that is, being invisible under the embroidery, by which it is entirely hidden. The embroidery is worked with chenille, mixed with gold, silver, silk, and beads, and is one of the most beautiful trimmings imaginable.

The success of black satin increases from day to day, and is worn even at balls by young people. In this case the dress is brightened by black lace, woven with gold (gold is seen always and everywhere), jet or beaded chenille, and it is entwined still further with roses of every conceivable shade, from white to dark purple.

So much has satin, in its various grades of satin de Lyon, satin merveilleux, or plain satin, usurped the popularity of silk, that even black silk dresses are now laid to one side. When black dresses are worn, they are cashmere, satin, brocade, velveteen, or velvet. Black silk is not even used for trimming; it can only be employed as the under foundation of dresses, on which to arrange the black cashmere draperies, and this is done principally to find a use for old black silk dresses, no longer granted admission into fashionable society; and now that black silk is out of fashion, I may state that few dresses are more unbecoming than black silk dresses. They were convenient, and always looked respectable, but they were unbecoming. Black cashmere is infinitely more becoming, and can be rendered as elegant as required by any society by trimming it with satin and jet. A black cashmere dress trimmed with satin or jet, or both, may also have a second bodice or cuirasse made of satin or jet, which will render it immediately fit for dressy occasions.

Coats which are very much in vogue just now are made of the richest stuffs—Louis XIII. brocades, or else real or imitated Chinese or Japanese stuffs. They are also worn for full dress, with skirts of gauze or of tulle embroidered and spangled with gold and silver.

Flowers, which are somewhat out of favor for winter bonnets, remain one of the most charming ornaments of the evening toilette. The favorites of the season are pinks, chrysanthemums, roses, and Parma violets. They are made into berthas, or rivieres, as they are now called, which edge the neck of dresses, whatever the shape, and are finished on the shoulder by a thick cluster.

A charming toilette for a young girl is of ivory crepon de l'Inde; the skirt is bordered with five gathered flounces, each one edged with a rouleau of violet satin; the scarf drapery has five similar flounces joining those on the skirt. The back of this tunic is of crepon mixed with satin, and bordered with a wreath of violets, and the pleated corsage is adorned with a jabot of violets placed between two lots of lace. This toilette may be most effectively carried out in white satin with drapery of dark green velvet and jabot of violets.

Here is a very pretty dress for evening. A pink skirt, trimmed to the knee with five flounces, graduated in width. Under the skirt are two plaitings of satin, and under these again a white bobbynette. A pink crape scarf fits lightly round the hips, and then forms a puff and train at the back. The body is of satin, and is low, or half low, according to taste. It has a bertha fichu, however, which forms a point in front, and is as long as the body itself. The sleeves are short, and show the shoulders, as in olden days. They are made of plaitings, which cross over the upper part of the arm, and are closed underneath. The train is of satin, like the skirt, and, like the skirt, is edged round with crape to match the scarf.

Another equally lovely dress is of ivory-colored satin, entirely covered with ivory lace flounces, headed with ivory lace ruches. The body is opened to the waist in front, over a chemisette of lace frills and ruches, like those on the skirt. Elbow sleeves of lace. Net flounces and ruches may be substituted for the lace, and will look equally light and pretty, if a little less rich.

For balls, dresses of light materials, such as gauze, net and crape, whether plain or embroidered, will be trimmed with long garlands of flowers.

Brocaded satin and silk dresses have only a bouquet on the body, with occasionally one on the shoulder. They are too rich in themselves to require much trimming.

Chenille flowers and foliage are worn in the hair instead of ribbon bows. They are also put on hats and bonnets, and there is a talk of putting them on heavy silk, velvet, or plush dresses. They look very well in the hair—much better than ribbon bows. They are sometimes edged round with colored beads, or have bead centres, and they are fastened to the hair or dress with pretty pins or brooches.

Bead embroidery is still all the fashion. It is used on dresses, cloaks of all kinds, and especially on opera cloaks, which are acquiring more attention than they have ever done before.

Lace jabots, cravats and bows are fastened still by pins, representing mice; frogs, powdered with diamond dust; ruby flies, which are worn in the plural, sometimes as many as eight being pinned in the front of one bow or fichu. Another ornament (?) is the snake. It is made of plush, with a metal head, and eyes of precious stones; the tongue hangs out of the mouth. It is worn round the neck of the dress, with the head on the neck itself, close to the left ear. Sometimes these snakes are rolled round hats and bonnets, instead of feathers.

Among large hats the Directoire is still first favorite. It is made of black or dark felt, and is trimmed with long feathers to match. An entire cock is sometimes placed on one of these hats. Cocks are in vogue just now. They are painted on dress-buttons, fans and muffs. They are worn as ear-rings, and also as cravat-pins. They are taking the place of lizards, dogs, etc.

Side bags are decidedly substituted for pockets, and they belong to the lingerie department of dress. They are made of satin, plush, or velvet, either black or to match the color of the dress. They are embroidered with gold, silver, steel, jet, or colored beads, and have a fringe to match all round, and tassels on each side, or ribbon bows, according to the strings which fasten them to the waist, whether they are of ribbon or silk cord.

Fireside Chat.

THE ART OF PAINTING ON CHINA.

THE object of this paper is to give some information to those readers who have not yet learned the art of china painting, so we shall now consider the different styles of working; we shall, however, confine ourselves to over-glaze and under-glaze painting, leaving out of the question in the present paper of majolica ware, and also the lustre ware, that is reserved for the amateur artist.

We will first mention the articles required for under-glaze painting. The dry colors in glass capsules should be obtained in preference to those ready prepared in tubes. They can easily be mixed after a little practice to any required thickness, which is not the case with prepared colors; and they have not the disadvantage of becoming "fat" by keeping, which moist colors are at times apt to become, the meaning of which term shall be given later on.

All colors are the brighter for being fired as soon as possible after their mixture with oil. The colors for over-glaze painting are entirely different from those used for under-glaze; in no case can one be made to take the place of the other, the enamel colors being in themselves glassy when laid on the china, while the under-glaze colors are dull, and are dependent on the subsequent glazing for their brilliance. Under-glaze painting, both over-glaze and under-glaze, can be worked with either water or oil; as it is our intention to give information on the use of both oil and water, we will mention the mediums necessary. A bottle of lavender oil, oil of turpentine, and some ordinary spirits of turpentine will be required. It is just possible that in the case of our artists living in the country fat oil of turpentine could not easily be procured by them; the following directions for its manufacture are therefore given for their use:

Ordinary turpentine is the only article needed. Pour a small amount into a cup, and let it stand exposed to the air. This exposure will cause the evaporation of the spirit, and the fat oil will be left ready for use. More turpentine is added, little by little, as the spirit passes off. For water-color, gum is generally used.

The brushes should be of sable for water, of camel's hair for oil-painting; seven or eight will suffice at first for practice. One or two brushes called outliners are required for marking the strong outlines of the design. Two dabblers of different sizes should be procured, one small and the other large, for laying the background smooth and even. A china palette, a palette-knife and a muller for grinding the colors are indispensable for the china-painter.

The plate, plaque, or tile must be carefully observed to see that it is as fair flaw as possible; any flaws will interfere with the painting, and if cracked ever so slightly, the piece will probably be returned from the firing in two parts, and both time and labor spent on it will fail; its shape should also be true. The material being now at hand, the drawing may be commenced. This should be done correct. A clever artist might sketch at once on the plaque or tile, but it is safer to make a drawing, and then either copy or transfer it to the china. Porcelain, being the ware already glazed, will not take a pencil-mark, therefore the sketch must be made in ink, or some other vegetable color. To transfer a sketch, take the drawing and lay it on the tile in the position the sketch is to occupy, then slip the red or black transfer paper between it and the china, fastening down the edges with modeling wax, gummed paper, or a piece of the plain paper that is often found on stamps when bought in any quantity; this will keep the design firmly in its place, and can easily be wiped off when the drawing is completed. Go over the whole outline with a sharp-pointed pencil or agate point, then lift one corner of the paper to see if all the drawing is on the china. If so, the design is to be taken off the tile, and the whole outline penciled out in water color carmine, or Indian ink. The design may be transfered without the use of the transfer paper by means of chalk coal or common rose-pink being pounced through holes picked in the design at certain intervals; but this involves more trouble, and there being no fear of the transfer paper marks showing after the firing, it is best to employ it as the quicker method of the two. The outline should be kept clear and firm, but no great harm is done if the leader happens to get beyond it into the background space, as all marks in Indian ink will fire out; still, an outline badly done testifies that an unsteady eye and unsteady hand have been at work. We will suppose the design is composed of a group of flowers, and give a few hints respecting the manner of applying the colors. The explanation of the mixing of colors with the mediums shall have the first place, as that is after all the first real difficulty that besets the tyro in china-painting. In the case of water being employed, place as much color on the palette as will be required, take a very little gum on the tip of the palette-knife, and rub down the color with it, adding as much water as is necessary to make it work well. It is impossible in writing to give the proper quantity of gum, but the mixed color can always be tested by allowing it to dry on the palette; if it dries shiny it will prove that too much gum has been used, and the color would crack if fired; if, on the contrary, too little gum has been used, it can be known by passing the finger over the dry color, when it will be found to rub off.

To mix the colors with the right allowance of oil may be found, on first trial, a rather more difficult performance; if, however, the directions given are closely followed it can be accomplished without any great fear of failure. It is very important to rub the colors down until not a trace of grittiness remains, otherwise the tint when fired will appear speckled; here the muller and glass slab will be in constant requisition. After placing some color on the palette or slab, dip the palette knife into the fat oil, and grind down the color with it until the oil is thoroughly incorporated, diluting it with turpentine gradually until it is of such consistency that it will work easily with the brush, then with the muller rub round and round, when it will become perfectly smooth without a grain of color remaining unmixed; add more turpentine as it dries on the slab. Some patience is required in the mixing of colors, but it has its own reward in the evenness of the tint when laid. The same test as before may be employed to prove that the right quantity of oil has been used; allow the color to dry, then if it is found to be very shiny it proves that too much fat oil has been used, and the consequence would probably be that if the color was used in this condition, when fired it would boil up or blister, showing little bubbles on the surface that would have to be scraped off and repainted, which would effectually destroy the flatness of a tile besides giving trouble work to the artist. The same effect will be produced by the use of moist colors which have been kept too long. They were before mentioned as becoming too "fat," when such is the case, the only remedy is to re-mix them by dry color. The use of too little fat oil is, though not so disastrous in its consequences, to be discouraged, for on drying the color will be found to be rough, and in an unpleasant state for working up with finishing touches.

[Concluded next week.]

The celebrated artist who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon, that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seed in the daytime.

"Thousands have tried it, and will never use any other," is the significant and patriotic cucomium of a cough balsam which circulates in New England.

Answers to Inquirers.

S. H. B. (Santa Fe, N. M.)—See answer to C. H.

CARRIE, (St. Johns, N. B.)—We consider it very beneficial.

S. BANKS, (Omaha, Neb.)—No; although a locket is sometimes worn.

TRESPASS, (Mount Holly, N. J.)—State your case to the nearest magistrate.

C. H. (Audubon, Iowa.)—You may send it on, and if good we will publish it.

M. H. (Conant, Iowa.)—The address of the house is New York city, New York.

J. H. (Oneida, Idaho.)—There is no reward offered for the purpose that we ever heard of.

PLAY (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Titania is one of the characters in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Y. W. S. (Okmulgee, Ind. Ter.)—We have no remembrance of the fact but think it was about the year 1863, just outside of Bremerhaven, in Germany.

READER, (Madison, Va.)—You would have to write to a drug house to learn about the matter. Send a postal directed to yourself, and we will forward an address.

S. D. (Washington, D. C.)—An academy situated near the temple of Apollo Lyceus was termed from that reason the Lyceum. It has since become a generic appellation.

J. K. M. (Elkton, Md.)—A very sad, but very usual story. Do not lose heart; be of good cheer. The future seems indeed very dark; but we know not what is in store for us.

F. W. E. (Schuyler, N. Y.)—We are not aware that Washington ever surrendered himself and army as prisoners of war during the Revolution. Someone has been imposing on you.

SUBSCRIBER, (West Chester, Pa.)—Two lines plumb to each other are necessary parallel, and lines parallel to each other are the same distance apart at all points. Therefore, the two walls, if plumb to each other, are as far distant at the top as at the bottom.

C. L., (New York, N. Y.)—Dress in black, or dark blue suit, frock or Prince Albert coat, with light tie. Wear brown or lavender gloves. Perfectly plain half-round gold ring. It may be as heavy and valuable as you please. The ring is placed on the fourth finger of the lady's left hand, counting the thumb the first.

JAMES S. (Richmond, Ind.)—The meaning of ignis fatuus is "vain" or "foolish fire." These meteors are supposed to be produced by the decomposition of animal or vegetable matter, and are found in marshy places, or churchyards. They are popularly called "Jack-with-the-lantern" and "Will-o'-the-Wisp."

ADELAIDE H. (Council Bluffs, Iowa.)—Yours is one of the cases of which the only cure is simple endurance. The man is either very much deceived, or—and this is by far the most probable conjecture—he is thoroughly untrustworthy and corrupt. A coward who slanders a woman may be forgiven, but must be avoided.

GEORGE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Many a young man would say he was in clover were he in the situation in which you say you are placed, namely, to be beloved by two beautiful young ladies. The best way to find out which of them loves you the better as well as which of them is dearer to you, is to keep away from both for a while.

A. T. (Kirkwood, Mo.)—1. We have never heard of hydric acid, but from the word we judge it might be some other name for water. There is an hydriodic acid composed of hydrogen and iodine. 2. The acknowledgement of the receipt of the card was quite proper. As to the correspondence, you had better write and ask if it is agreeable to her.

E. (Tipton, Iowa.)—It is a historical fact that President Monroe, at his second election, had the unanimous vote of the Electoral College with one exception. Who it was that voted against him or for what reason we not know. It is not legally obligatory on the electors of a state to vote for one person if by chance electors might be chosen from each ticket.

I. W. F. (Warren, Pa.)—Love is a very different feeling from that species of flirtation and merriment which often characterizes the joyous hours of youth. Genuine and heartfelt love is sober serious and sedate. It is one of the most serious acts which can be connected with the life of either a man or a woman. You appear to have formed an erroneous opinion as to the manner in which genuine love displays itself.

B. L. (Monterey, Cal.)—If you are not engaged to the young gentleman, it is very indiscreet for you to be so demonstrative as you describe yourself. Perhaps a lady is not always able to conceal the fact that she is inclined towards a particular gentleman, but she ought to exercise all possible control over herself in order to betray her predilections as little as possible. As a matter of course, when once you are engaged you may throw off this restraint, and frankly allow the gentleman to read the true state of your feelings.

G. G. M. (Clairesville, Md.)—We think that you will act wisely in marrying your suitor. His few years seniority is rather an advantage, and his nativity is certainly no objection. Be sure, however, that your opinion of his good habits, etc., is correct. In a matter, involving perhaps the whole happiness of your life, the unfounded prejudice of your mother must not have too much weight, particularly since you have thus far been so dutiful. Talk it over with her, and see if you cannot bring her to this way of thinking.

H. C. (Richland, O.)—A road is a way. If it be a highway, it may be a road still; but, if H. C. or anyone else were to try to play tricks on a road which is a highway in law, she would encounter inconveniences and become amenable to penalties not entailed by similar performances as a private way or road. Strictly speaking, a road must be adapted for the traffic of wheeled vehicles, so that, although a road is a way, a way is not always a road. It is even an open question whether a way is a road if it be not sufficiently wide to allow two vehicles to pass one another, so as to bring the "rule of the road" to bear upon the traffic.

T. W. H. (Albemarle, Va.)—We really cannot tell you how to become popular with the ladies. This is a matter in which one must be his own instructor. Trying to be truly polite and agreeable is the only general rule that can be given. 2. To explain the business of courtship and marriage would exhaust an ocean of ink. It is too possible of explanation. There it is, and so we have to take it. 3. We know of no firm requiring such assistance and with the best feeling in the world, judging from your letter, we would advise you not to seek such a position in the city. 4. Wash the hands in oatmeal and water or use glycerine when they begin to chap.

M. J. B. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Some authorities, speaking of "running the gauntlet" state it a punishment originating among sailors where the crew, provided with gauntlets or rope's ends were drawn up in two rows facing each other and the delinquent had to run between them. Other interpretation derives the word gauntlet from the French, being the iron glove of a coat of armor; it from the word gant or glove, and that "running the gauntlet" is directly connected with this as a military punishment. The delinquent had to run between the lines of the soldiers who were only permitted to strike with the gloved hand—that is the hand with the gauntlet on. Hence it is called "running the gauntlet."

HAYWOOD (Jonathan's Creek, N. C.)—In the answer 1291 was a misprint for 1990, meaning no more this century. The correspondent says: "February in 1900 will have five Sundays, and every 28 years thereafter until 1985 and then not until 2013." This gap of 40 years occurring at the close of three centuries in succession comes from the fact that the years 1900 and 2000 though leap years, are not really so, having only 365 days each. This is according to the Gregorian account, ordered by Pope Gregory XIII., in 1582, in order to make the civil and solar year keep pace together—the civil year being 11 minutes 3 seconds longer than the solar, this difference amounting to about 3 days in 400 years.

GEORGE, (Passaic, N. J.)—In the signals at sea, red, white, yellow, and blue have long been adopted as the most conspicuous colors. With most nations, the colors of the naval flags are generally red, white, yellow, and blue. The signalmen find however, that at a distance blue, red or black are not readily distinguishable, nor yellow from white. The recent telegraphy has, therefore, been to reduce all the signs to black and white, singly or in combination, trusting to space for different signals. The flags are either square, or triangular of the same length or pendants which are pointed and longer. In the present system a whole word or message is sent up at once, and flies instantly, the peculiarity of the flags representing a certain number, and that number having attached to it in the key-book the phrase sought to be communicated. At night-time lanterns are hung out in various shapes, as triangles, squares, crosses, etc.